

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## A BLACK FROST.

No gleam of sunlight warms the leaden sky  
 With faintest tinge of gold. A murky pall  
 O'erspreads the horizon, and with biting blast  
 The east wind keen makes cottage casements  
 creak,  
 And in the rick-yard whirls the wheat-straws,  
 Malignant in its sport.

The farmer's boy,  
 With blue, pinched face, and fingers red and  
 chill,  
 Plods shivering through the fields toward his  
 home,  
 Where ruddy fire, and bowl of porridge-milk,  
 And mother's smile, and happy childhood's  
 shout,  
 Shall herald night, and close the ungenial day.

Hard, bare, and black, and adamant the earth;  
 Cold, black and chill, and lustreless the sky;  
 Nor man nor beast comes forth this eve to dare  
 The keen-toothed wind. The warren'd rabbits  
 lie

Snug in their burrows, and the ivied wall  
 Is full of shivering, feathered fugitives;  
 The nooks and crannies of the old barn hide  
 Sparrows, and bats, and jackdaws. Cattle  
 crouch

Close in their litter 'neath the cowhouse walls,  
 And panting sheep, together packed for warmth,  
 Bleat 'neath the red-tiled shed: the homestead  
 cock,

Long since, amid his darnes, hath sought the  
 perch,

At earliest symptom of the waning light,  
 Rest, warmth and rest, the whole creation seeks,  
 And men and maids sit by the inn-door hearth;  
 Cheerless and comfortless is all without,  
 Relentless, icy, grim, and pitiless,  
 The iron grip of Frost is on the earth.

All the Year Round.

## WEARY.

On, but to rest awhile! to rest from strife  
 That as a fretting chain wears out the soul  
 With endless thought; to gain and grasp the  
 whole

Dark mystery that shrouds our earthly life.  
 And then to rest, to strive with doubt no more;  
 Unmoved to sit and watch the ceaseless wave  
 Of changing creeds roll onward to the shore,  
 And cresting break and die;—unmoved to  
 brave

The taunts of wild fanatics, and the roar  
 Of halting crowds, that in their darkness rave  
 Against the light of reason;—and to be  
 Like some fair ship in sheltered haven moored,  
 Safe from the storm, by no vain meteor lured  
 To track dark phantoms o'er the pathless sea.

Dark Blue.

## UNTO DEATH.

O, OPTIMES in the twilight  
 I am sitting silently,  
 When the glory of the sunlight  
 Leaves its impress in the sky:  
 And a low voice seems to whisper,  
 With passion in each breath,  
 "I will love thee, love, for ever;  
 You may trust me unto death!"

And I live upon the echo  
 Of that passionate refrain;  
 And my hope is firm and steadfast  
 I shall hear it once again.  
 Though years may pass and vanish,  
 And life grow worn and cold,  
 I am waiting the reutterance  
 Of those pleading words of old.

It may be an illusion,  
 A myth, a fancy bare;  
 But it keeps my heart from breaking,  
 And my life from much despair.  
 And as long as life shall linger  
 Comes the echo of each breath,  
 "I will love thee, love, for ever;  
 You may trust me unto death!"

Tinsley's Magazine.

## SONNETS.

"Our prayers are prophets." Father, be it so!  
 My dream became a thought—my thought  
 desire,

Desire a prayer, whose living wings aspire  
 Unceasingly Thine awful will to know.  
 Such prayers as with our being's essence glow.  
 (The flush of a deep instinct's holy fire).

With earnest pulses rising high and higher,  
 Absorbing by intensity earth's woe;  
 Prayers that, when other invocations fail,  
 "By the reality of Sorrows," cry.  
 Or, to enforce the pathos of their wail,  
 "By thine All-might," "by Love," "Eter-  
 nity,"—

O let such pleadings by their truth prevail,  
 Such prayers be prophets of our Destiny.

FAR off my dream, and yet unearthly fair  
 The vision of thy beauty in my heart,  
 Hovering between my thought and its despair,  
 And mercifully keeping them apart.  
 Sweet as the mother's lullaby which brings  
 Forgetfulness 'twixt infancy and tears;  
 Calm as the misty shade time wisely flings  
 Between to-day, and past and future years.  
 Dear as the last fond look the lover holds  
 Between his heart and doubt's oppressive  
 gloom,

Blest as the radiant vista Faith unfolds,  
 To part the mourner from eternal doom.  
 Thus thou with me, my dream of comfort stay!  
 My Hope, my Life in Death, pass not away!

MILlicent O'HARA.

Dark Blue.

From The Quarterly Review.

JOWETT'S PLATO.\*

THE publication within a short interval of two such works as Mr. Grote's "Plato" and Mr. Jowett's translation seems to point to a phase of no slight importance in the general revival of English philology which has marked the last twenty or thirty years. The verbal scholarship of the last century, brilliant as it undoubtedly was, and important as its results became as the basis of future attainment, was too limited in its scope and too isolated from other departments of knowledge to maintain its hold on education. A period of barrenness and lethargy followed, from which Arnold was one of the first to deliver classical studies. The earlier work of the great historian whom we have recently lost has been, perhaps, the main instrument in sustaining and extending the movement. Along with the value which it had for scholars as a series of investigations in the field of ancient history, it possessed a freshness and keenness of political insight, and a sense of the reality and permanence of historical problems, which engaged the interest of a much larger class of readers. The idea of extending the range of popular reading to Platonic philosophy—to the speculations, namely, which exhibit the spirit of antiquity in its most abstract form—may be said to have been first carried out by Dr. Whewell in his "Platonic Dialogues." The two similar experiments since made, on a larger scale and by far more complete and exhaustive methods, are evidence of an awakening of interest amounting almost to a new intellectual movement in the educated classes of the country. Other considerations put the importance of such books in a still stronger light. There is much in the progress of civilization which tends to give increased value and significance to the history of thought. The separate national life which is fed by the recollection of the past struggles and triumphs of a nation has been slowly but

constantly giving way before the sense of mutual obligation and dependence, extending to all alike. As a consequence of this process, the sympathy and veneration of men will be increasingly directed towards those elements in the traditions of the past which are most cosmopolitan; and thus it will become, more and more, the office of literature to represent and interpret that comparatively hidden view of thought and knowledge in which the highest minds have had a part without distinction of race or nation.

The work before us is eminently fitted to aid and direct the movement which we have ventured to anticipate. It has been the noble task of Mr. Jowett's life, like Socrates, "to bring philosophy into the market-place," to awaken the spirit of research in active and growing minds, and to gain for knowledge and the faith in knowledge their true place in human affairs. He has now sought to carry this work into a wider field; and he has aptly chosen as his subject the philosophers in whom the Socratic faith bore its worthy and lifelong fruits; who was raised by means of it above the narrow completeness of Athenian culture, beyond the limited horizon of Greek society; who created those ideals which are still the ideals of history and of science, but were then, in Mr. Jowett's words, "the vacant forms of light on which he sought to fix the eyes of mankind."

The translation demands more than a passing notice, not merely for its high intrinsic excellence as a work of literary art, but also for the less obvious merit which it has as being, in great measure, a new experiment. The problem, it need not be said, is of the highest order of difficulty. A complex Greek period, such as Plato is accustomed to write, is incapable, as a rule, of being rendered without a sacrifice either of the general effect or of the grammatical form. The separate clauses may often be exactly reproduced while the relation between them is expressed in a manner which belongs essentially to the idiom of the Greek language. A mere "scholarly rendering," in such a case, is no more a true copy of the original than a heap of Ionic columns is an Ionic tem-

\* *The Dialogues of Plato translated into English, with Analysis and Introductions.* By B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. 4 vols. Oxford. 1871.

ple. On the other hand, all modern languages, through long familiarity with logical forms, have analyzed many complex or ambiguous terms, and have gained power of brief expression in dealing with abstractions, which obliges the judicious translator sometimes to expand or comment upon his text; more often, perhaps, to prune down and condense its language in a seemingly arbitrary way. The difficulty of the task lies in deciding whether a particular redundancy or ambiguity is one of language only, and should vanish in translation, or one of thought, which must be studiously preserved. Thus there are two leading aims, which may be called the linear and aerial perspective of Platonic translation: the modern arrangement of clauses, and the modern equivalents for technical and half-technical terms.

These observations may seem self-evident enough: but translators who come to their task, as most modern scholars do, full of the associations of grammatical teaching, can seldom free themselves from the habit of regarding the "construing" as the first consideration. Mr. Jowett has seen this danger, and has shown that by looking to clearness and ease of expression, and using the simplest and most natural English, without aiming at archaic purity or any other artificial style, it is possible to render the works of the most consummate master of language with a fidelity of a new order. It is obvious that the work, as he has done it, needed the finest sense of sustained rhythmical movement and a rare command of happy and suggestive phrases; but much of the success depended upon following a true method, or perhaps it would be more exact to say, upon consciously avoiding false habits of translation.\*

\* It was not to be expected that so vast a work should be everywhere free from inaccuracy. We have noted the following:—

Phileb. p. 17 C. "What sounds are grave, and what acute" is too periphrastic for *ὀξύτης τε πέρι καὶ βαρύτης*. Sounds are not divided into grave and acute, but the interval is constituted by a relative graveness and acuteness. The sense is best given, perhaps, by translating *διαστήματα*, "musical intervals," and omitting *ὀξύτης τε καὶ βαρύτης*.

Id. p. 30 B. *μεμνησθῆναι*, as Mr. Poste points

The value of a translation, after all, is chiefly for those who are least able to criticize it. Those who are already acquainted with Plato will turn to the Introductions, and especially to the short essays which they contain. To students of philosophy, these essays constitute the soul of the book. Their object is to recapitulate the arguments of a dialogue; to expose fallacies; to point out the element of permanent truth which Plato has reached, or to which the course of his thought is tending; to draw out his relation to other systems; and, finally, to direct attention to artistic touches and striking or original features in the several pieces. They exhibit in the highest degree the qualities which are characteristic of Mr. Jowett's style: terseness and point, without the hardness of mere epigram; and closeness of reasoning, without the bewildering parade of logical form.

The principle of the arrangement adopted in the work is that each dialogue should be separately discussed and analyzed, no attempt being made to unite the results in a complete or systematic form. Mr. Jowett evidently attaches considerable importance to this part of his plan, regarding the dogmatic and harmonizing method as the most fruitful source of error in the interpretation of Plato. In the same spirit he is careful to preserve the dramatic and conversational form, even when he is giving the briefest summary of contents. In all this he is no more than Platonic. The dialogue was evidently adopted by Plato as the nearest approach which a written composition could make to that which he looked upon as the true instrument of philosophical enquiry—the living play of thought and opinion in discourse:—

out, is active, and governs *φύσιν*; Mr. Jowett makes it passive.

Id. p. 62 B. *καὶ χρώμενος ἐν οἰκοδομίᾳ καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ὁμοίως κανόνι καὶ τοῖς κύκλοις*. Mr. Jowett has not given sufficiently the force of *ὁμοίως*; "who uses in like manner rules as well as circles," i.e. in each case alike he uses the divine to the exclusion of the human.

Polit. 273 A. *ἀρχῆς τε καὶ τελευτῆς ἐναντίαν ὁρμὴν ὁρμεθεῖς*, "having received an opposite impulse at both ends," is hardly clear. The meaning seems to be an impulse which reverses beginning and end.



"He who knows the just and good and honourable," he says in the "Phædrus," "will not seriously incline to write them in water with pen and ink or in dumb characters, which have not a word to say for themselves, and cannot adequately express the truth. . . . In the garden of letters he will plant them only as an amusement, or he will write them down as memorials, against the forgetfulness of old age, to be treasured by him and his equals when they like him have one foot in the grave. . . . But nobler far is the serious pursuit of the dialectician who finds a congenial soul, and then with knowledge engrafts and sows words which are able to help themselves and him who planted them, and are not unfruitful, but have in them seeds which may bear fruit in other natures, nurtured in other ways — making the seed everlasting, and the possessors happy to the utmost extent of human happiness." — vol. i. p. 612.

It is true that in many of Plato's writings the dialogue is a mere form. In the greater part of the "Republic" there is no real discussion; all the arguments are put into the mouth of Socrates. The Eleatic Stranger in the "Sophist" prefers discussion, but only with a pleasant and facile respondent; and in the "Laws" the tone is almost wholly dogmatic. To the last, however, Plato retains the conversational form, and, it may be added, the theory of philosophical method of which it was the expression. For it is easily seen that to Plato's mind the merits of dialogue and the evils of sustained or "epideictic" speaking were in great measure symbolical. The one represented and exemplified the Socratic spirit — freedom from foregone conclusions, patience and mutual help in enquiry, acquiescence in ignorance in preference to the mere show of knowledge. The other contained in it all the opposite elements of passion and illusion; it was therefore the fitting weapon of pleaders and demagogues.

It does not appear that Plato had any predecessors in the form of composition which he adopted. Greek philosophy clothed herself first in the garb of the epic singer, and afterwards borrowed the fashion of the law-courts. Plato first went back to living models, and created a fresh type of art from the conversations of Socrates. In so doing, he obeyed the analogies of Greek literature. The disposition

to idealize a historical situation, to treat the speakers as personifications of moral or political tendencies, is strongly marked both in Herodotus and Thucydides. It may not be too fanciful to say that Plato meant to oppose his ideal Socrates to the caricature which had already gained the ear of Athens through the genius of Aristophanes. But the character of the Socratic teaching, as Plato understood and applied it, pointed in an especial manner to Socrates as the fitting protagonist in the new cycle of dramas. The older philosophies, he tells us, delivered their wisdom in a somewhat oracular form; "they went on their several ways with a good deal of disdain of people like ourselves; they did not care whether they took us with them or left us behind them" (vol. iii. p. 506). Socrates represented the principle of ceaseless research: his method is a perpetual living process. It is therefore in a manner independent of any one life, for it is "graven in the soul of him who has learned, and can defend itself, and knows when to speak and when to be silent" (vol. iii. p. 611). No positive opinions or discoveries could be attributed in a strict modern sense to Socrates; yet all that was gained by his method might be treated as implicitly belonging to him. But Plato's habit of endeavouring to carry on the thoughts of his predecessors is not confined to Socrates. Thus in the "Theætetus" he is at pains to draw out what Protagoras might say in answer to certain objections (vol. iii. p. 388 ff.); and he "makes a very valorous defence," sparing no artifice of dramatic effect. He admits, however, that he is a stranger to the cause of Protagoras, who might possibly have made a different defence for himself. With the thoughts of Socrates he has no such hesitation, for he is one of the heirs (to use his favourite comparison) of his master's argument, entitled to speak without reserve on that behalf. Yet he avoids representing him in contradiction with well-known traits: in the "Timæus," for example, the chief part of the dialogue is not assigned to Socrates, probably because it was notorious that the real Socrates had not favoured purely physical speculations.

These considerations obviously prepare

us to find that the gradual and spontaneous growth of Plato's system out of the ideas of Socrates may be traced, to some extent, in the "Platonic Dialogues." It is true that we have little or no external evidence to fix the order in which they were written, and that the internal criteria, as in the case of most great writers, are of an unusually subtle nature. Few, indeed, of the tasks of philology have been as laborious as that of determining the canon of the Platonic writings, and distributing them over the wide space of his philosophical life. Mr. Jowett is far from claiming the character of finality for his own arrangement. Many points in it, however, may be considered as ascertained. A considerable group of dialogues, for instance, is distinguished by features which agree with those of the historical, as opposed to the Platonic or ideal, Socrates. Of these dialogues the "Protagoras" is the most striking example. The search for definitions, the simple form of the doctrine that Virtue is knowledge, the seeming readiness to identify Pleasure with the Good, the absence of the Platonic theory of Ideas — these are so many indications of a comparatively Socratic, and therefore early stage of Plato's philosophy. At the other end of the series, external and internal testimony concur in placing the "Laws" — a work in which the figure of Socrates does not appear, and in which the theory of ideas, though still affirmed, is set aside — as inapplicable to the practical wants of the time. Earlier again than the "Laws," and not earlier than the meridian of Plato's genius, must be placed his great constructive effort, the "Republic." These are the three cardinal points of Platonic chronology, with reference to which the place of the remaining dialogues has to be determined.

The chief novelty of Mr. Jowett's arrangement (compared, for example, with that which was proposed by Zeller) appears in the number of dialogues placed after the "Republic." Besides the "Gorgias" (which closely resembles the "Republic," and probably belongs to the same period of Plato's life) and the "Theætetus," already mentioned, we find the "Philebus," "Parmenides," "Sophist," and "Statesman." Some modern critics, of whom Professor Schaarschmidt, of Bonn, is the chief representative, have doubted or denied the Platonic authorship of this whole group. The question is one which we shall not attempt to discuss at length, especially as Mr. Jowett has reserved it for the detailed examination which he has

promised to give of the order and genuineness of the Platonic writings (vol. iii. p. 571). The issue, it may be said in passing, depends very much upon the possibility of explaining the various characteristics of these dialogues as intermediate between those of the earlier works on the one hand, and the "Timæus" and "Laws" on the other.\*

The "Euthydemus" — a broad caricature of the verbal puzzles so curiously prominent in the age of Plato — is placed by Mr. Jowett after the "Protagoras." Dr. Thompson, in a graceful review of the book, makes this collocation one of the few exceptions to his general agreement with Mr. Jowett's arrangement. Perhaps the best defence in the case of the "Euthydemus" is to be found in the epilogue, where an attack is made on the writers of speeches as amphibious animals, who being half philosophers and half politicians, succeed in combining the drawbacks of both. The passage could hardly have been written if Plato had then foreseen, even in a dream, his own conception of the philosopher-king as it appears in the "Republic" and the "Statesman."

Of the endless points of view from which different dialogues may be compared, and their relative place — didactic or chronological — more or less plausibly determined, it will be found that the most useful are those which are derived immediately from the theory of Ideas. The history of that theory is in reality the history of Plato's lifelong speculation; and no one has seen this truth more clearly than Mr. Jowett, or has applied it more subtly to the various aspects of Platonism. It is impossible, in the course of a brief summary such as we shall now attempt, to give a just notion of the finish and delicacy of his treatment of the subject; and it is especially difficult to avoid the fault from which he is most free, that of giving effect to a statement by exaggerating one or two points of view. Nevertheless it is necessary, in order to gain an idea of the main result of the book, that we should reproduce in some shape the impression which it conveys of what Platonism is in its essence, and what is its place in the general course of human thought.

Socrates, according to the well-known saying, brought down philosophy from heaven to earth. The current of speculation, which in earlier times busied itself chiefly with nature and the universe, was

\* Mr. Campbell's Introduction to his edition of the "Sophist" and "Statesman" contains a valuable contribution to this part of the question.

diverted by his teaching to the moral and political questions, that in various forms had been more and more perplexing the active world of Greece. The example of the heroic age was still the main source, apart from the laws of the several states, to which men turned for direction. But in Homer, beyond a sense of the splendour of certain human qualities and a respect for the sacredness of existing custom, there is nothing which can be called morality. There is no moral system, however simple — no classification of actions as right or wrong. In the time of the Peloponnesian War the traditional maxims became more than ever inadequate. They barely sufficed within the most stable communities, or for those who, like Cephalus in the "Republic," were favoured by nature and circumstances. They utterly failed in the wider sphere of action in which the "larger units," the Greek states themselves, had to deal as moral agents with each other. "The Spartans," says Thucydides, "are the best of men at home, but abroad they know no duty except their own interest." It is enough to allude to the darker pictures which he gives of other parts of Greece.

The overturning of ancient landmarks, the fierce passions roused, the demoralization which follows alike victory and defeat, combined with the intellectual activity of the time to bring about the crisis in morality which, in the minds of most readers of Greek history, is associated with certain "teachers of wisdom" called the Sophists. We shall now enter upon the question between Mr. Grote and Mr. Jowett as to the existence of a distinct class bearing that name — a question which brings out to peculiar advantage the subtlety and exactness of Mr. Jowett's critical powers (see especially vol. iii. pp. 448 ff.). For the present it will be enough to glance at two leading Sophists. The picture of Protagoras, which is given in the dialogue of the same name is full of friendly and even admiring touches. Protagoras is the venerable missionary of virtue; one whose preaching (as it may almost be termed) exposes him to some danger from the blind upholders of existing things, but who scorns to hide it under the veil of other kinds of instruction, glorying rather in the despised name of Sophist. Moreover, his opinions are far from being "sophistical," in the worst sense of the word. As Mr. Jowett observes, there is quite as much truth on the side of Protagoras as on that of Socrates. The difference is that (to speak in

Platonic language) he is inferior in dialectics. He has faith in goodness, and uses his great powers of persuasion in its cause; but he is wanting in the scientific methods and aims which belonged to Socrates. The weakness attributed (in the "Gorgias") to the rhetoricians Gorgias and Polus is of the same kind. Gorgias is refuted because he is unwilling to admit that rhetoric can be wholly separated from justice and injustice (vol. iii. p. 6). The Sophists — if we may judge by the greatest names among them — fail because, instead of quarrelling with the world, they are content to represent the better mind of the world to itself.

Socrates took a different course. He undertook at once to defend and to explain morality by applying to it the conception of knowledge. He sought for the universal element in each class of cases — that which answers the question, What is such and such a virtue? He easily convicted his countrymen of the want of this knowledge. They were in the habit of pronouncing actions good or bad, but without knowing why. They knew how to make shoes and build temples, for they could tell in what the goodness of a shoe or a temple consisted; and they could teach the knowledge as an art of shoe-making or of architecture. The arts of life — justice, housekeeping, rhetoric, government — had none of these characteristics of knowledge. He himself was not wiser than others, but he knew his own ignorance; and he was convinced that a science of conduct was yet to be attained which would change the face of the moral world.

The course of thought which led from the Socratic position to the Platonic theory of Ideas has been often analyzed, but can hardly ever cease to afford the materials of interesting inquiry. It may be regarded as the result of two distinct processes — distinct in theory, but always perhaps combined in fact: first, the natural development of Socratic principles; secondly, the contact of Plato's mind with other philosophies, chiefly, as we shall see, those of Heraclitus, Pythagoras, and Parmenides, but including the later systems, which owed their rise, like his own, to the Socratic impulse. The scientific ethics of Socrates led directly to a new and more profound metaphysics. He saw that knowledge is the apprehension of the universal, of something that is true of a class of things; and he had applied this conception, gained from the arts of everyday life, to the whole of human conduct. It

was left to others to ask in what this apprehension of the universal itself consists, and to extend it to branches of knowledge which he had neglected or undervalued. Plato is distinguished among the followers of Socrates by the comprehensive spirit in which he undertook this new and great enquiry, and the zeal with which he pursued it through the theories and sciences of his time. In particular, he returned with new aims and methods to the earlier doctrines. In successive dialogues we find him supplementing or explaining one saying or opinion of an older philosopher by another, testing them in turn by the questioning method, and using all his strength against principles which seemed to stand in the way of scientific progress. Hence the unique value of the study of Plato for the history of philosophy. It was in the mind of Socrates that the moral perplexities of Greece gave birth to the idea of a science in which they should find their solution; but it was Plato who took up again the threads of earlier speculation, and wrought them with the teaching of Socrates into a single fabric.

The great step which was thus made in advance of the Socratic mode of thinking — one not confined to Plato, as indeed it was contained implicitly in earlier theories, but which was turned by him to the greatest account as a basis of further speculation — was the identification of the universal or ideal with the "really existent." The general notions which Socrates had sought for as the objects of true moral knowledge were now regarded as deriving their value from a truth or reality which they possessed in themselves, independently of the instances under which they were presented to experience. Further, this conception of knowing as the contemplation of a super-sensuous or abstract object was extended to all things capable of being known, physical and mathematical as well as moral. Everywhere alike the contrast was traced between the universal as the "knowable" or "real," and the particular as the sensible or "phenomenal:" knowledge arose by the contact of the mind with the former; the opposite of knowledge — ignorance, error, uncertainty — were inseparably connected with the latter.

The celebrated doctrine of Reminiscence is a phase of this conception — a particular way of representing the separate existence of the "knowable." Constantly associated with Plato's name, it is nevertheless found in a very small number of his dialogues, viz., the *Meno* — where it is

put forward in a tentative manner as the tale of certain Egyptian priests — the *Phædo*, and the *Phædrus*. Mr. Jowett well says that "it is a fragment of a former world," which has no place in the philosophy of modern times. "But Plato had the wonders of psychology just opening to him, and he had not the explanation of them which is supplied by the analysis of language and the history of the human mind. The question, 'Whence come our abstract ideas?' he could only answer by an imaginary hypothesis" (vol. i. p. 394).

The "*Republic*" — by common consent the greatest monument of Plato's genius — is the first constructive dialogue. By "constructive" is meant one in which a definition is attained by dialectic and applied to the realization in practice of the thing defined. The "*Republic*" is also the work in which the fundamental Platonic contrast of the "real" and the "phenomenal" is exhibited with the greatest fulness of statement and illustration. It is, therefore, the work in which that central position of Platonism may be best studied, not only in its various aspects as a theory, but also in its application to education and life.

It is difficult to express in any language but Greek the connexion between the different perceptions, feelings, and beliefs which Plato grouped together as unreal or uncertain, in opposition to real or certain knowledge. Sensations, in the first place, were confounded with the inferences derived from them — the error which was first cleared up by Bishop Berkeley. Thus the immediate judgments (*παρὰ τὰ*) which sight enables us to form of distance and the like were regarded as sense-knowledge, and their inaccuracy was contrasted with the results of the "science" of measurement. Again, the attributes which depend upon a relation between objects — such as great and small — were pronounced to be fleeting and uncertain, because they were not true of the same object in different relations. Similarly it was observed that an act of justice depends on relations, on the circumstances of the moment; whereas the idea of justice is the same for an infinite variety of cases. Again, desire is distinguished from rational choice by its direct connexion with sense or feeling (*αἰσθητικόν*), and by being dependent on a single moment of excitement; whereas it is characteristic of reason to neglect sense and to look beyond the present. Finally, many of these associations entered into the notion of "seem-

ing" or "opinion" (*δόξα*); the uncertainty of inference from experience, the relativity of particulars to circumstances, the illusion of the feelings—all which are points of contrast with "knowledge" (*ἐπιστήμη*). Thus several things which to us seem quite distinct—sense, opinion, relativity, desire—were blended together by the opposition which they present to a true or universal element. This list, however, by no means exhausts the categories under which the opposition might be presented. The "universal nature in each case"—called the Ideal or "Form"—is the One, opposed to the Many, or to the infinite or indefinite; it is "being," or essence, opposed to "becoming," generation; it is the permanent, opposed to the mutable. In practical life, the opposition shows itself as that of the philosopher to the sophist, the dialectician to the rhetorician and poet, the true statesman to the common political leader. The peculiarity of the Greek language, by which the same word (*εἰκάζω*) means "to make like," and also "to conjecture" (the connexion of "*likeness*" and "*likelihood*" in English is somewhat the same), led to a favourite metaphorical way of representing it as the relation of substance and shadow, or original and copy. The notion of the Ideas as "clear" (*σαφές*), suggested another comparison, of which great use is made in the "Republic"—that of knowledge and ignorance to light and darkness.

The meaning of this doctrine and its various corollaries cannot be summed up better than in Mr. Jowett's aphorism that—

"the modern and ancient philosophical world are not agreed in their conception of truth and falsehood; the one identifies truth almost exclusively with fact, the other with ideas."

As he puts it elsewhere—

"Plato, who is deeply impressed with the real importance of universals as instruments of thought, attributes to them an essential truth which is imaginary and unreal, for universals may be often false and particulars true."—vol. ii. p. 132.

Plato, in short, confused the method of science with science itself; and this fallacy will be found underlying every part of his system.

The origin of the theory of Ideas—or, as we may now say, the theory of the self-existence and absolute value of abstractions—reaches far back into the mythical periods of Greece; but it was in the age

immediately before Socrates that the tendencies to which it is due first began to assume a distinct shape. A passage in the brilliant and exhaustive Introduction which Mr. Jowett has prefixed to the "Timæus" describes vividly, and in language which pierces to the quick of Platonism, the new power which abstractions were then gaining, and the manner in which they affected the course of speculation:—

"An inner world of ideas began to be created, more absorbing, more overpowering, more abiding than the brightest of visible objects, which to the eye of the philosopher looking inward, seemed to pale before them, retaining only a faint and precarious existence. At the same time, the minds of men parted into the two great divisions of those who saw only a principle of motion, and of those who saw only a principle of rest in nature and in themselves; there were born Heracliteans or Eleatics as there have been in later ages born Aristotelians or Platonists."—vol. ii. p. 505.

Plato's philosophy, even in its simplest form, was a reconciliation in a higher unity of these opposite "moments." The Ideas preserved the conception of knowledge from disappearing in the Heraclitean "flux" of sensible things, and at the same time gave meaning and content to the thin Eleatic abstraction of Unity or Being. In earlier philosophies "there was a gulf" between abstractions and sensible things, "and no one could pass from one to the other." In the scheme of education founded upon the Ideas, and drawn out in the "Republic," the process is shown by which the soul is to be led, in Platonic language, from the shadowy half-lights of sense and opinion up to the unchanging day of truth and reality. The bridge over the gulf from particulars to the universal is found by Plato in the mathematical sciences.

Although it is only in the latest works of Plato that Pythagoreanism becomes a dominant influence, so as almost to extinguish the Socratic side of his philosophy, yet from the first he attaches a high value to mathematics. Protagoras is evidently ridiculed for boasting that he teaches his pupils "what they come to learn," and not "calculation, and astronomy, and geometry, and music" (*Protag.* p. 318 E); and in the "Meno" the truths of geometry are taken as the types of knowledge. In the "Republic" mathematical science becomes a stage in the progress towards dialectical or absolute knowledge, as distinguished by the character of its methods



rather than by its object-matter (as modern writers speak of a geometrical method in politics). It is easy to see the association which led Plato to such a view. Arithmetic and geometry offered, in the highest degree, the characteristics which belonged to knowledge—certainty, independence of preconceived opinion, and independence of the senses. Other sciences which had these qualities less completely—such as astronomy and music—were seen by Plato to be capable of becoming more and more “pure,” i. e., independent of observation. Such a mode of conceiving science was greatly encouraged, if not created, by the Pythagorean discovery of the harmonic ratios. This was the first great instance of the reduction to mathematical expression of a “law,” or uniformity of external nature. To the enthusiasm of the first inquirers it presented itself as the key destined to unlock the whole secrets of Nature; it seemed at least to remove the field of investigation from outer experience to the abstractions of their own minds. The science of Harmonics was henceforth treated by the Pythagorean school as capable of being deduced, like Geometry, from a few suppositions, to wit, the “harmonic” progressions. In the same spirit Plato treats experiments on musical strings, for the purpose of determining intervals, much as we should treat measurements made to verify the theorems of Euclid. In the age in which he wrote, it could hardly be otherwise than that Philosophy, seeking ever to idealize Science, should be guided towards the part of science in which the greatest progress had been made; and it is for the same reason that modern philosophy finds its metaphysics in the field of experience and common sense.

The relation of mathematics to dialectics is noticed in a passage of the “Euthydemus.” “The geometers, and astronomers, and calculators (who all belong to the hunting class, for they do not make their diagrams, but only find out that which was previously contained in them)—they, I say, not being able to use, but only to catch their prey, hand over their inventions to the dialecticians, to be applied by them, if they have any sense in them” (p. 290). This agrees, so far as it goes, with the *locus classicus* of the “Republic” (p. 510). Mathematics is there made to be the lower of two sub-divisions of the “intellectual” world, that in which the soul uses the figures given by the senses (e.g. diagrams) as images, and in which the inquiry must be “hypothetical,” i.e., as Plato

explains this term, must make assumptions (the odd and even, the three kinds of angles, and the like), and argue “downwards” from them; whereas in the higher division, that of dialectics, the soul uses no “images,” and rises above hypotheses to something not hypothetical, arriving ultimately at the first principle of all (the Idea of good), and descending again from it to the other Ideas. The mathematical division is further described as bearing the same relation to the dialectical as a shadow or reflection bears to the sensible object; by which probably nothing more is meant than that in mathematics the axioms remain unproved, whereas in dialectics they are expected to lead to higher abstractions—in Platonic language, to knowledge of a more real and absolute order.\*

The statement of the Ideal theory in the “Republic” is further distinguished from its earlier forms by the stress laid upon the Idea of good; that Idea is to the “intelligible” what the sun is to the visible world—not only the highest being, but also the cause of existence and knowledge. Dialectic is a “way up and down;” up to the Idea of good, using hypotheses as “steps and points of departure;” and down when in the light of that Idea all knowledge has become absolute and self-proving. This seems to mean, translated into modern language, that philosophy starts with induction, not from facts in the scientific sense, but from the conceptions given in particular sciences, in language, and in common opinion. By questioning and reflexion the inquirer or “dialectician” seeks to determine the relations between these “hypothetical” notions—a process which results in successive definitions and classi-

\* A valuable article in the “Journal of Philology” (vol. ii. No. 3, pp. 96-108), by Mr. Henry Sidgwick, discusses this point among others connected with the passage in the “Republic.” He points out that Aristotle (Met. i. 6) offers an explanation which is “exactly what we want,” but which is not supported in any way by Plato’s language. There can be little doubt, therefore, that he is right in refusing to adopt it, and in doubting whether “Plato, when he wrote the ‘Republic,’ had clearly separated in his mind the mathematical from the dialectical object.” But Plato had separated the mathematical from the classified *method*; and the confusion of object and method is one that runs throughout his system. As Mr. Sidgwick observes, “When Plato says that geometers *suppose* the odd even, figures, &c., he means, that they suppose both the existence of objects corresponding to these terms, and the truth of their definitions.” We have suggested above, that a similar remark will account for the further difficulty of the relation of the “hypotheses” to Ideas; namely, that in this as in other cases, Plato does not sufficiently distinguish, or even purposely explains away, the distinction between the certainty with which a thing is proved, the clearness with which it is apprehended, and the order of “reality” to which it belongs.



fictions — and thus ultimately to rise to the highest knowledge, the conception at once the most abstract and the most self-evident, from which all the rest may then be derived. "This ideal logic," as Mr. Jowett observes, "is not the method which was pursued by Plato in the search after justice; there, like Aristotle in the 'Nicomachean Ethics,' he is arguing from experience and the common use of language." That the higher certainty of the "longer way round" was, and remained, a mere aspiration, is plain, not only in the "Republic" (p. 533), but in works of a more decidedly dialectical character.

The supremacy of the Idea of good is a feature of Plato's system, which is directly descended from the Socratic teaching. With Socrates, as we saw, the knowledge which constituted morality was simply the knowledge of the good, or useful, or really desirable. No man desires what he thinks will do him harm; therefore, he who has desired wrongly did so in ignorance. The thing seemed to him desirable, but was not really so. The Platonic form of this doctrine is that the Good is that which gives not only goodness but also being to other parts of the world of Ideas. We say that a thing is bad because it is not what it professes to be, because the fact does not answer to the idea. Plato would say, inversely, that it is unreal for want of goodness. Language played a great part in this confusion. The same word (*βούλητόν* or *αἰσρόν*) was used to express the object of a particular wish, the usual object of wish, and the right object of wish; and these three meanings shaded imperceptibly into each other.

Mr. Mill has observed that the Idea of good in the "Republic" is less intelligible than the theory in the "Protagoras," according to which good is the object of an art of "measuring" or calculating pains and pleasures. In the "Republic," "when the test of pain and pleasure is abandoned, no other elements are shown to us which the Measuring Art is to be employed to measure."\* The same fallacy has been already noted in Plato's conception of Mathematics, when we found him insisting upon the study of the movements and harmonies which are "seen by the mind only." Because he saw that the value of mathematical science increases as it surpasses observation and measurement, he was led to place its perfection in an absolute independence of facts, overlooking "the circumstance that there was some elemen-

tary basis of fact, some measurement of distance or time, on which they must ultimately rest." Thus he imagines "that the method of science can anticipate science:" to use a favourite expression of Mr. Jowett's, the Platonic Good is a "vacant ideal;" Plato "sees the light, but not the objects which are revealed by the light."

Inexperience in the observation of facts, and ignorance of the nature and history of language, are the two characteristic weaknesses of ancient speculation. "The contemporary of Plato and Socrates could not isolate phenomena, and he was helpless against the influence of any word which had an equivocal or double sense" (vol. ii. p. 505). The latter cause, indeed, and especially the habit which sprang from it of "identifying language not with thoughts or representations, but with ideas" (vol. i. p. 649), is almost sufficient to account for the Platonic theory. Plato, it may be said, confounded the power which words give of separating notions from the individuals that they represent, with a separate existence of the notions themselves; and, seeing that words connote what is uniform and permanent, whereas individuals are infinitely various and fluctuating, he did not see that this uniformity is only comparative, and amounts ultimately to no more than uniformity in the impressions made upon the portion of mankind speaking a particular language. This lesson has since been taught, first by long experience, and then by a just analysis of language. With the advance of science the language of ordinary life has become more and more insufficient to express the known relations of things; and modern Dialectic has made it one of its chief functions to warn enquirers against the influence of words, and to direct them to look for fixedness and certainty, not in abstractions, but in the "opposite pole of experience."

The increase of knowledge, however, has not only tended to limit the influence of language upon thought, but it has given a new conception of experience. The value of experience in scientific enquiry depends on the amount of facts already collected, and on the progress that has been made in digesting them in the form of generalizations. Every new fact of observation, every impression on the senses, calls up a series of accepted and ascertained theories; and it is from this stock of theory that it derives, not indeed its truth as a fact, but its power of modifying or confirming opinion, its clearness to the understanding, and even its power of retaining

\* "Dissertations and Discussions," vol. iii. p. 345.

a hold on the memory. Plato did not start at a point in the progress of science at which the observation of particulars is applicable, except in the most imperfect way, to discovery. He is like a man using his eyes for the first time, who fancies, because everything seems equally near, that sight cannot tell him the forms and distances of objects. Hence he could not systematically test opinions or notions by facts, but by comparing them with other opinions and notions, either consciously held or implied in language. His error was not in devoting himself to the analysis of abstractions; for, as Mr. Jowett says, summing up the whole matter in a line: "Before men could observe the world they must be able to conceive the world." His error lay in giving to abstractions, as such, an absolute value; in supposing that the clearness which general notions give to experience was a clearness which they had in themselves apart from experience. Yet the Platonic mode of thought, which concerns itself with the abstractions under which phenomena are conceived, has its place alongside of the study of these phenomena in detail. The clearness and just co-ordination of ideas which makes the philosophic habit of mind is not the same thing as the agreement of ideas with facts which constitutes scientific accuracy; and positive science does not supersede metaphysics, except as it works out in their application the conceptions which metaphysics have supplied.

The value of Plato's scheme of Dialectic, as Mr. Jowett is careful to point out, lay in the high ideal which it held up as an aim to the science of the future. "The correlation of the sciences, the consciousness of the unity of knowledge, the sense of the importance of classification, the unwillingness to stop short of certainty or to confound probability with truth, are important principles of the higher education" (vol. ii. p. 137). On the other hand the weakness of the theory was soon felt in the difficulty of explaining consistently the very various degrees of value which Plato would not but recognize in the impressions and beliefs included by him under the term "opinion" or "the seeming." He is far from treating everything which falls short of his conception of knowledge as equally worthless; but he is much at a loss for a satisfactory account of the true or valuable element contained in particular instincts, conjectures, habits, and feelings. The modes in which he approaches the different sides of this problem form, perhaps, the most, generally interesting part

of his philosophy; for (as may be readily supposed) it is in connection with these attempts, rather than with more abstruse enquiries, that positive and fruitful results are chiefly to be found. Three or four points of view may be distinguished, from which the solution is more or less consciously attempted: (1.) Mythology; (2.) Supernatural influence or madness; (3.) Morality based upon habit only; and (4.) Systems of positive law.

1. Plato's view of the office of mythology is expressed in the "Republic," where he recognizes it as the earliest instrument of education, to be used in order to accommodate truth to the tender mind; but partly also on account of our own uncertainty. "In the tales of mythology, of which we were just now speaking, because we do not know the truth about ancient tradition, we make falsehood as much like truth as we can." So in the "Phædrus," the famous "allegory (as we should term it) is called by Socrates himself a tolerably credible and possibly true, though partly erring myth." The value and instructiveness of a myth depends, therefore, on its being "probable." Probability, so used, does not mean so much that the chances are in favour of its being true, as that it reflects certain truth, or embodies it in the concrete, and consequently will prepare the way for the reception of the same principles in a more abstract shape.

An acute German critic\* has endeavoured to show that Plato only resorts to the mythical form when he is met by the necessity of explaining the origin or growth (*γένεσις*) of a thing. The theory of Ideas, he argues, is a theory of the existent as necessary and immutable; the process of becoming has logically no place in it: Plato intended his myths to do for philosophy what the popular mythology did for religion—to express a fundamental series of relations in a narrative form, as something which is, and also which has come to be what it is. Thus (to take the most prominent example), the myth in the "Phædrus" reconciles the eternity of the mind and of knowledge with the rise and progress of knowledge in the individual. The theory, however, although it is highly suggestive, and opens up a new and interesting side from which to compare the ancient opposition of the real and the phenomenal with the modern idea of development, can hardly be applied to all the myths in the Platonic dialogues. A more

\* Deuschle, "Die platonischen Mythen." Hahn, 1864.

adequate account is suggested in Mr. Jowett's remarks on the second book of the "Republic" (vol. ii. pp. 37 ff.). "Art" (under which the composition of myths is included) "may be another aspect of reason;" and "this conception of art is not limited to strains of music or the forms of plastic art, but pervades all nature." Mythology, in short, is made (like the mathematical sciences) a universal type; it represents the effort of the philosophic imagination to find modes of conceiving the unknown. In this wide sense there are myths taking the form, not only of history, geography, and cosmogony, but even of arithmetic and etymology. Thus the number in the "Republic" expresses an undiscovered numerical relation, which is believed by Plato to govern the periodical decay inevitable in all human society. And the derivations in the "Cratylus" express an equally undiscovered relation between the sounds of words and the things which they represent. In neither case is the truth of the myth maintained; only its probability or "likeness" to truth; as we should say, its fitness to suggest truth.

2. The description of the pursuit of truth under the figure of a divine madness is found along with the mythical imagery of the "Phædrus" but it exemplifies a distinct mode of representing the true instincts which yet fall short of knowledge. Of madness Plato there says there are four kinds: that of prophets, of the mysteries, of poetry, and of love; and of these the last is also the best. The enthusiasm of the lover is a lower form, a "shadow," of that of the philosopher: the object of the passion is desired because of the true relations which (like the productions of true art) it embodies in a concrete form. Thus there is a progress from sense to reason; the erotic madness passes if rightly directed, into that enthusiastic anticipation of knowledge (called the love of wisdom, *φιλοσοφία*) which animates the search for absolute truth. At the end of the "Meno," the right opinion by which statesmen have guided cities is said to be "in politics what divination is in religion" (p. 99). The same theory, applied to poetry, is drawn out in the "Ion," and in a passage of the "Republic," which prescribes the manner of treating the "multiform" or imitative poet. "We will fall down and worship him as a sweet and holy and wonderful being, but we must also inform him that there is no place for such as he is in our state—the law will not allow them. And so when we have anointed him with myrrh, and set a garland of wool upon his

head, we shall send him away to another city" (p. 398). The tone of this passage, and of the "Ion," is that of a gentle contempt for the irrational element. In other places, however, the same thing is treated with the utmost respect. Thus, in the "Laws," it is said that Athenians, when good, are so in spite of their constitution, by a divinely-given nature. Hence it is not necessary to suppose that the theory in the "Meno," un-Platonic as it seems, is proposed in irony; of which, Mr. Jowett remarks, there is no trace. "A person may have some skill or latent experience, which he is able to use himself, and is yet unable to teach others, because he has no principles and is not able to collect and arrange his ideas. He has practice, but not theory; art, but not science. This is a true fact of psychology, which is recognized by Plato in this passage" (vol. i. p. 253). We may add that it is a fact which the Socratic doctrine and that of Plato's earlier writing's had ignored; so that the "Meno" may be thought to mark Plato's first attempts to place the relation of virtue and knowledge in a truer light. Plato, we may suppose, felt the difficulties of the Socratic identification, and had not yet gained the higher point of view—that of Dialectic—upon which his own identification ultimately rests.

3. In the "Republic," the progress from sense to knowledge is represented by means of a psychology from which mythical and allegorical elements are finally excluded. The efficacy of the various means of moral education in preparing the way for the higher or scientific morality is now ascribed, as in the Ethics of Aristotle, to the influence of habit. "Rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, bearing grace in their movements and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated, or ungraceful if ill-educated;" and he who is thus trained "will justly blame and hate the bad now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason of the thing; and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar" (p. 402 *Steph.*). In the scheme of the seventh book this training is referred to as the music "which was the counterpart of gymnastic, and trained the guardians by the influences of habit, etc." (p. 522). In the State the same influences produce a lower kind of virtue, yet one of real value. Thus, in the myth of the "Phædo," "those who have practised the civil and social

virtues which are called temperance and justice, and are acquired by habit and attention without philosophy and mind," are happy, and (it is added with a tinge of irony) "may be expected to pass into some gentle social nature which is like their own, such as that of bees, or ants, or even back again into the form of man, and just and moderate men spring from them" (p. 82). Yet, for want of knowledge, such characters are liable to fail; their virtue wants the "fastening of the cause;" they do not know the real superiority of good to evil.

4. In the "Laws" and also in the "Statesman," the spirit of compromise with the actual conditions of the time is carried so far that Plato renounces the attempt to apply his ideal to human life. In the place of philosophy he puts law: in the place of living guardians, governing by the fewest and most abstract principles, he puts magistrates, bound by a vast system of minute and unalterable regulations. The point of view from which this change should be estimated may be expressed in the words of the "Statesman." "The best thing of all is not that the law should rule, but that a man should rule, supposing him to have wisdom and royal power," and that because "the law cannot comprehend exactly what is noblest or most just, or at once ordain what is best for all" (p. 294 *Steph.*). Yet, until the perfect ruler is found, the best hope is in governing strictly according to law. "When the foundation of politics is in the letter only and in custom, and knowledge is divorced from action, can we wonder, Socrates, at the miseries that there are, and always will be, in States? Any other art, built on such a foundation, would be undermined,—there can be no doubt of that. Ought we not rather to wonder at the strength of the political bond? For States have endured all this, time out of mind, and yet some of them still remain, and are not overthrown, though many of them, like ships foundering at sea, are perishing and have perished, and will hereafter perish, through the incapacity of their pilots and crews, who have the worst ignorance of the highest truths—I mean to say that they are wholly unacquainted with politics, of which, above all other sciences, they believe themselves to have acquired the most perfect knowledge" (p. 302 *Steph.*).

Modern readers, aware how essential the influence of custom is, not merely for the smooth working of institutions but for their existence, will recognize in this lan-

guage much of the same neglect of facts, or absorption of facts in the idea, which we have already noted as the main characteristic of Platonism. Yet the passage, amid the despairing picture which it so vividly presents of the decay of Greek politics, allows us to see that Plato is anxious to find a place in his philosophy for the lessons of experience. Nor can we be surprised that it is in political philosophy that respect for facts seems to show itself for the first time, when we remember what a vast field of observation in this field was afforded by the Greek States.

In the "Republic," to which we now turn, the absolute and intrinsic value of justice is shown not merely, as in the "Gorgias," by identifying morality with knowledge, but by answering the particular question, "What is justice?" And the answer has two meanings, according as it is applied to the State or the individual. Justice, in the State, is the principle by which its different parts or classes are restricted to their proper work; in the individual, it is the corresponding restriction of the various faculties—reason, spirit, the desires—to their functions in the microcosm of the soul. Mr. Grote objected to this mode of solution that justice, in the sense of Glaucon and Adeimantus, is common honesty of dealing; whereas Socrates extends it to include all virtue. Plato would reply that common honesty, which is the most familiar kind of justice, must be considered not by itself, but under the idea which fits the whole. And that idea must be one that can be realized both in the State and in the individual. "In seeking to establish the purely internal nature of justice, he is met by the fact that man is a social being; and he tries to harmonize them as well as he can" (vol. ii. p. 21). The difficulties are partly logical, as *e. g.*, that there may be justice between individuals who are themselves neither just nor unjust; partly practical, arising from the intimate connection, yet not amounting to identity, between justice and law. Aristotle cleared up the subject by showing, in the first place, that the vague political use of the term justice was really different from that in which it meant "honesty;" and secondly, that justice, as the virtue of an individual, is not a thing in which internal take the place of social relations, but a state of mind towards the acts required under these social relations. Mr. Jowett's account of the Platonic view hardly seems to recognize the way in which Plato's distinction complicates, while appearing to

solve, the difficulty of the sufficiency of justice for happiness. "The two brothers ask Socrates to prove to them that the just is happy when they have taken from him all that in which happiness is ordinarily supposed to consist" (*Ibid.*, p. 20). And Socrates undertakes this proof. His answer in substance amounts to this,—that under favourable circumstances, *i.e.* in the perfect State, justice and happiness will coincide: and that when justice has been once found, happiness may be left to take care of itself" (*Ibid.*, p. 22). This, however, is only the happiness of the State. The happiness of the individual depends, according to the sequel of the "Republic," not upon the perfect State, but upon the perfect or just individual. The "royally constituted man" is especially happy when he is king in the ideal State, and the tyrannical man especially miserable when he is also a tyrant; but this is, in both cases, an exceptional enhancing of their position. In reality, as Aristotle perceived, the question is not so much, "What is justice?" as "What is happiness?" If happiness consists in external goods, then justice (or rather the rule of society), in the strong man's view, is that he should get as much as he desires; in that of weak men, that they should combine to keep what they can. Or, if happiness consists in the pleasure of the greatest number, then justice depends upon the conduct by which that pleasure may be best secured. But if happiness is an idea—the application to human life of a higher abstraction, the Idea of good, or the realization of human perfection, or under whatever form an ideal philosophy of ethics may conceive it—then it is the task of such a philosophy to harmonize this idea with its conception of the world and of knowledge. If Plato fails, as Mr. Grote says, by representing (in the just man of the "Gorgias") a superhuman or transcendent virtue; or again, as Mr. Mill points out, by finding no worthy place for an Aristides, a man whose justice consists in implicit obedience to law and traditional morality: the reason is, that in his ethics, as in other parts of his system, the highest truth is made to reside in the purest attainable abstraction. The notion of happiness, apart from ingredients, is parallel to the notion of an astronomy without the visible heavens, "or of harmonics without audible harmony."

The manner in which Plato treats the question of pleasure varies in the different dialogues, but always exhibits the tendency to make light of that which pre-

sents itself as a fact or process rather than as an idea. In the "Protagoras" Socrates begins, indeed, by assuming that pleasure is merely another name for good; but he soon shows that the choice of pains and pleasures involves comparison between them, and therefore an "art of measurement." Pains and pleasures, it follows, are only, as it were, the material out of which the Good (or "useful" or "happiness") may be formed; whereas knowledge is the formative element. This mode of stating the theory of Socrates is hardly to be distinguished from the latest form of Utilitarianism; but with Plato, to whom the form or idea is always the real element, it led directly to the inference that pleasure is something transient and "unreal,"—a view which naturally acquired strength and consistency with the development of the theory of Ideas. In the "Theætetus," again, Socrates shows that the apprehension of the useful, by bringing in the consideration of consequences, involves comparison, and therefore the universal element. In both cases, the difficulty which we feel in rightly understanding the issue arises from the extreme form in which the opposite doctrines are found. All philosophers, even the most opposed, would now agree in giving a value both to experience and to abstractions, and also in recognizing pleasure as an element to be brought under regulation by a principle of some kind. Modern psychology lies wholly within the ancient extremes,— "Sense is the only knowledge" "sense is delusive;" just as modern ethics lies within the analogous extremes,— "Pleasure is the good," "Pleasure is worthless."

The "confusion of ethics and politics" is not, strictly speaking, the Platonic confusion of the State and the individual as moral agents, but rather a confusion of the relations in which an individual stands to the State with those in which he stands to other groups or to the whole of mankind, to other sentient beings, and to his own character and prospects. The place which the organization of the State has held in this general fabric of moral duty has varied in different periods of history; but the tendency has been, on the whole, towards diminishing its importance. The duties enforced by law, or by a custom having the stringency of law—though never in Greece, perhaps, co-extensive with morality—are much less nearly so than they were in Plato's time. The State, moreover, does not now make so exclusive a claim on the regard of its citizens. Other forms of common action and



sentiment—the town or district, the Church, the European public, the brotherhood of mankind—divide with it the interest once concentrated on the Hellenic city. Mr. Jowett thus sums up the chief advantages and disadvantages of this tendency: we have added an occasional gloss:—

“The identification of ethics with politics has a tendency to give definiteness to ethics, and also to elevate and ennoble men's notions of the aims of Government and of the duties of citizens; for ethics from one point of view [that of mankind as a single community] may be conceived as an idealized law and politics; and politics, as ethics reduced to the conditions of human society. There have been evils [loss of individuality, isolation of small communities, stereotyping of institutions] which have arisen out of the attempt to identify them, and this has led to the separation or antagonism of them, which has been introduced by modern political writers. But we may also feel that something has been lost in their separation [that ethics tends to evaporate in sentiment, and politics to degenerate into mere police, protecting selfish and isolated “rights”]; and the ancient philosophers who regarded the moral and intellectual well-being of mankind first, and the wealth of nations and individuals second, may have a salutary influence on some of the speculations of modern times. Many political maxims [e.g. *laissez-faire*, non-intervention, toleration] originate in a reaction against the opposite error; and when the errors against which they were directed have passed away, in their turn become errors.” — vol. ii. p. 151.

It has been already observed that, although Plato retained to the last his belief in the ideal State, and consequently in the dialectical system upon which it depends, there are some dialogues in which he gives much greater prominence than in others to experience and common opinion. This difference shows itself in a curious way through the structure of the “Republic.” The first four books contain little that rises above traditional Hellenic notions: it is in the last six that Plato attempts, as Mr. Jowett finely expresses it, “to unite the past of Greek history with the future of philosophy.” The effect of this peculiarity is, that all the main subjects receive a double treatment; the second proceeding on the basis of the first, and completing it from the higher point of view. Education is at first only music and gymnastic: Homer is excluded from it on the grounds of common morality. Afterwards education is a lifelong work, leading through the mathematical sciences to dialectics. Poetry is found to be “the imitation of an imitation.” The virtues

are first defined by a confessedly imperfect method; they are afterwards seen in the light of a “higher knowledge” (p. 504 *Steph.*). The community of families and property is hinted at in the first part; but the defence of it needs all the help of the “longer way,” and in fact, is made the occasion for introducing the doctrine of Ideas, and with it the reign of philosophers, on the stage of the dialogue. Thus by artistic arrangement, as well as in express terms, dialectics is proclaimed as the central and necessary part of the system, to which all the previous discussions had been leading up, and without which they are shown to be imperfect.

These considerations seem to illustrate a peculiarity of the “Republic” on which Mr. Grote laid some stress, namely, the abandonment of the Socratic cross-questioning. The definitions of the virtues in the fourth book of the “Republic” are no better than those which are examined and rejected in earlier dialogues, such as the “Charmides” and “Laches;” indeed, they are sometimes actually the same. “The logical and ethical difficulties still exist: they have never been elucidated; the ‘Republic’ does not pretend to elucidate them, but overlooks or overleaps them.”\* Plato, it may be answered, does not profess to attain perfect certainty in this part of the argument; he leaves that to the dialectic which is the ever-retreating object of his pursuit. Compared with the “Laws” where the questioning method and the theory of Ideas alike disappear, the first four books of the “Republic” mark a less advanced stage in the course of Platonic speculation. In the large element of traditional opinion, and the disposition—hinted at rather than confessed—to be content in the pressure of circumstances with something short of certainty, they recall the later and more dogmatic vein. Hence, the relation between the two parts of the “Republic” proves that a growing sense of practical aims and requirements was consistent with an undiminished faith in the value of the ideal and of the scientific methods which aim at absolute knowledge. Plato had not, in Mr. Grote's sense of the phrase, “gone over to the Government benches.” The shorter way which he had found, and which had yielded positive results, did not make it less his duty to search for that longer way which he neither did nor could find.

The dialogues which compose Mr. Jow-

\* Grote's “Plato,” vol. iii. p. 165. Ed. 1867.



ett's third volume (except perhaps the "Gorgias") are regarded by him as in all probability later than the "Republic." They have, as he shows in the successive Introductions, many common characteristics, not only of language and dramatic treatment, but also of method and doctrine. The style, in most of them, is comparatively hard and artificial, wanting in humour and liveliness; the personal interest and play of character is subordinated to logical arrangement; there is much less cross-questioning, and more positive result; definitions are not propounded, and one after another refuted, but are sought by a regular method of classification. The relation to earlier and to contemporary systems is much more prominent. Indeed, in these dialogues, especially in the "Theætetus" and "Sophist," we find much that belongs to the modern historical study of philosophy: the conceptions, for instance, of the development of doctrines, of the virtual identity of doctrines under different forms, of opposing tendencies—"right and left wings"—of a school, of philosophical ideas implicit in literature and common opinion. And chief among the notes of progress or of decay which mark this part of Plato's course must be ranked the new aspects assumed by his theory of Ideas. We have seen that the notion of pre-existent Ideas is confined to a few dialogues (the "Meno," "Phædrus," and "Phædo"), and that in the "Republic" they are represented (but without discussion) as all subordinate or derivative, compared with the Idea of good. The group of dialogues which we have now reached is chiefly occupied with questions turning on the relations of Ideas to each other, or with difficulties suggested in this part of the subject by Plato himself or by his contemporaries.

The "Parmenides" may be described as the great critical or "elenctic" dialogue of the later stage of Platonism, holding somewhat the same place on the threshold of later metaphysics which the "Protagoras" holds towards Plato's own theory. Mr. Jowett's analysis is such as befits its importance and obscurity. His view of the aim and purpose of the work is new, and is an example of that union of subtlety and simplicity which renders him so consummate an interpreter. The dialogue consists of two divisions: the principal speaker in both is Parmenides; the method pursued is the same, that of the Megarian dialectic (which, as the latest phase of the Eleatic philosophy, is "fathered upon the

founder of the school"), and is a criticism of the two forms of idealism.—first the Platonic Ideas, secondly the Eleatic One or Being. The criticism is serious rather than hostile. "No one can answer the questions which Parmenides asks of Socrates. And yet these questions are asked with the express acknowledgment that the denial of ideas will be the destruction of the human mind" (Parm. p. 135 B). So in the second part, Plato "did not mean to say that Being or Substance had no existence, but he is preparing for the development of his later view, that ideas were capable of relation." To some extent, too, the Megarian school were carrying on, but with a serious purpose, the Eristic methods of the Sophists; and Plato accordingly, who, in the "Euthydemus," had attacked the Sophistical disputations by an extravagant caricature, is now preparing himself to meet the destructive arguments of his Megarian contemporaries by weapons taken from their own armoury.

The Megarian dialectic is again criticized in the "Sophist," and in a manner which leads to more positive results and enables us better to understand their doctrines. The Megarians, like the Eleatics, sought for certainty in the universal, and, like Plato, identified the highest abstraction or "Being" with the Good. They also regarded this Being under the attributes of unity and rest, and thus denied that either motion or plurality could have a "real" existence. These doctrines, which are not inconsistent with Plato's earlier writings, and perhaps are implicitly taught in them, were seen by him to be destructive to science. By denying motion they made it impossible to conceive the relation of the mind to the thing known: and by denying plurality to ideas they did away with predication (since an idea could only be asserted of itself), and with the difference of kind which is necessary for classification. The "Sophist" works out two important conceptions, for which the way had been prepared, as Mr. Jowett points out, in the "Parmenides," that of relation between ideas, and that of the ideas as motive powers. In them, to use Plato's language, we must regard Being as both one and many, and also as both rest and motion. In the dialogue these questions are perplexed by the "puzzle about not-being," which is got over by making "not-being" equivalent to difference. But this, as Mr. Jowett acutely remarks, though a useful shift, is not the permanently valuable part of the

dialogue. "The greater service rendered (by Plato in the 'Sophist') to mental science, is the recognition of the communion of classes, which, although based by him on his account of not-being is independent of this. He clearly saw that the isolation of ideas or classes is the annihilation of reasoning. Thus, after wandering in many diverging paths, we return to common sense" (vol. iii. p. 459). Moreover, in admitting the idea of motion into the ideal world, Plato was planting the germ of a theory capable of superseding his own. The idea of progress or development is perhaps to be traced in earlier dialogues; but only, as we saw, under a mythical form. The "return to common sense," that is to say, the attainment by philosophy of a mode of conceiving one or more of the phases of experience, gives in this case an idea which reaches further than that of classification, and which was infinitely more difficult to ancient thinkers.

The "Sophist" is expressly represented by Plato as a continuation of the "Theætetus." The main element of connexion is "not being," the confusion, as Mr. Jowett translates it into modern language, of negation and falsehood. There are other indications, however, in the "Theætetus" that Plato had begun to examine afresh the vague and thin generalizations which underlie such words as being, whole, likeness, sameness, motion, and that he was seeking to bring them into agreement with his Ideas. And amid the wealth of suggestions which characterizes that dialogue, we find "something not really different from generalization," by which Plato is laying the foundation of a rational psychology (vol. iii. p. 358, cf. *Theæt.* p. 180 D, and *Parm.* 132 A).

The relation of the "Philebus" to the "Sophist" and "Parmenides" is difficult to determine, because in it the dialectical element is subordinated to the ethical and physical. Mr. Jowett speaks of it as earlier: in the well-known passage about One and the Many (*Phileb.* pp. 14 C-17 A), he discerns the "germs of the attack upon the ideas, and the transition to a more rational philosophy" (vol. iii. p. 255). Zeller sees in the same passage a brief statement of results already attained in the "Parmenides." Each Idea, it is laid down, includes the One and a finite plurality, i.e. the notion of a higher kind, and those of lower kinds, into which the higher may be divided: and it also "has in its nature" the finite (in the general notions), and the infinite or unlimited (in the particulars).

This view is farther developed so as to give four orders or elements of existence: — (1) limit or definite numerical relation; (2) the unlimited, or more and less; (3) the mixture of the two (the product or result of applying a law of measure to measurable quantity, e.g. health, beauty, harmony, favourable climate); and (4) the cause or producer of the mixture. The first three are kinds: there may be many species of each, but all comprehended under a single notion. The last is mind or reason — that which furnishes our bodies with life and wise treatment, and, as we may argue by analogy, is the cause and deviser of the orderly and beautiful universe.

The theory in this form shows several of the latest tendencies of Platonism. The representation of the cause of existence as rational and half-personal — a soul of the universe parallel to the human soul — agrees with the passage in the "Sophist" which (as we have seen) ascribes motion and intelligence to the highest being, and prepares us for the cosmogony of the "Timæus." The prominence given to the conception of limit is a step to the representation of the Ideas as numbers — the Pythagorean shape which Plato's theory finally appears to have assumed. On the side of ethics the same conception, as that of "measure" and "the mean," is a link of connexion with the "Statesman," and with the ethical system of Aristotle.

The dialogue called the "Laws," which occupies most of Mr. Jowett's fourth volume, is perhaps the part of Plato which is least generally known. As a literary work it is certainly inferior to the "Republic;" and its great length, coupled with a style which those who are familiar with Plato still find obscure, has led to this comparative neglect. Yet it offers, in some respects, the most interesting subjects of study. No part of Plato, and, it may be said, no ancient writing, sums up so well the highest religious thoughts of heathenism. The anticipation of the subsequent course of philosophy which is often so remarkable in Plato is especially so in the "Laws;" and the treatment of some practical questions — for example, that of the different kinds of involuntary actions — is at least as satisfactory as that of Aristotle. In its relation to earlier forms of Platonism the dialogue is of peculiar interest. Between the two types of society which Plato has hitherto contrasted — that which ought to be and that which is — he now interposes a third, that

which may be. Instead of the bold speculation and the sweeping censure of existing things which mark his earlier works, he is found treating antiquity with scrupulous veneration, anxious to collect and build into a single structure all that the wisdom of legislators or immemorial custom has made most sacred. The ethical spirit which pervades the work is not less lofty than that of other parts of Plato; but it is gentle and tolerant. The hopeful tone inspired by the fancy of giving laws to an infant community is curiously mixed with the sobriety, the sense of illusion, the "browner tinge" inseparable from the autumn of life. The defence of the genuineness of the "Laws" which Mr. Jowett offers is not only satisfactory, but exemplifies admirably the principles which ought to govern such cases. As a polemic, it is happily almost superfluous, the critics being nearly unanimous in admitting the work to be Plato's.\*

Much might still be said, especially in connexion with the "Laws," of the historical value of Plato: of the interest, that is to say, which his philosophy has, not merely as a stage in the discovery of truth, but as the reflection in the world of abstractions of a great and critical period of human history. "Il faut réfléchir," says Montesquieu, "sur la Politique d'Aristote et sur les deux Républiques de Platon, si l'on veut avoir une juste idée des lois et des mœurs des anciens Grecs." And the peculiar vividness and sympathy with Greek life which distinguishes the work of the latest historian of Greece (Dr. Ernst Curtius) is due in great measure to the appreciative study of these ideals.

In many ways, too, the lessons are of universal application. The Platonic formulas are broad aspects, presented to the distant view of the philosopher, of relations which belong to all known periods, as well as of those which especially characterized the Greece of Plato's own time. The fundamental contrast so constantly dwelt upon between "reality" and "appearance" is an expression of the struggle carried on at all times by the progressive element of true ideas against the vast slough of common opinion which ever threatens to engulf the better thoughts and strivings of men. The power which this opinion has of becoming embodied in sham ideas or generalizations of its own,

and of raising up its own prophets with their cheap wisdom; the contest between popularity and higher things, fought out in the minds of those to whom the capacity has been given of directing the course of human affairs; the causes by which the possible statesman or teacher is perverted into the demagogue or the solitary enthusiast; the hopes of a new order of things by the reception, among men at large, of ideas which are to be first worked out by great thinkers:—these are the materials of which Plato has formed the warp and woof of his philosophy; and they are still full of meaning. In other respects, the attitude and tendencies of Plato must be judged with more exclusive reference to contemporary politics, and we may have to admit that he himself needs the help of some of the pleas which he urges, in the "Republic," on behalf of his order. He was not only opposed to the popular government and the wide political toleration which prevailed at Athens, but he hardly recognizes the merit even of statesmen who, like Pericles, certainly did not err by too great submission to the fancies of the multitude. He would have trusted rather to a strict and all-embracing discipline, administered by a small number of rulers, such as that which had powerfully impressed the Greek imagination through the great part in history played by Sparta. The same bias prevailed widely among speculative politicians, and perhaps was justified by the unhappy circumstances of the time. In an age of unsettlement and fierce passion, when the Greek States were tossing about and "like ships foundering at sea," it was natural to look upon all movement either as the fitful ebb and flow of unreasoning impulses or as part of a ceaseless and inevitable change for the worse. It is characteristic, too, of those who have dwelt too exclusively upon the abstract notions of science to be "absolutist," confident in the value of their ideal, and impatient of the limitations of practice. The doctrine of development or progress has taught the world two great lessons—not indeed of knowledge, but of Socratic wisdom in ignorance: faith in the future, and toleration of the present. We have learned to hope, though we cannot demonstrate, that we live in a world which grows better, as Plato would say, "under the hands of time," through the ceaseless working of infinite and silent agencies. Such a reflection should not lead to a spirit of fatalism, but rather to the feeling that, in judging of the efforts and tendencies around us, we should tolerate where we

\* Neither Mr. Jowett nor Dr. Thompson seems to have noticed that Zeller has long since withdrawn the doubts which at one time he expressed of the genuineness of the "Laws." See his "Gesch. d. Philosophie," ii. p. 683, n. 2.

cannot dogmatize. We may learn from what Plato has done, and from what he hoped to do, that the genuine pursuit of truth may be most fruitful in the direction least suspected by the inquirer himself, and that the errors which he condemns and would wish to destroy may contain the germs of still greater but more distant truth.

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#### A REMINISCENCE OF ETON LIFE.

At that time, when the school, not having yet swollen to its present bulky proportions, contained only six hundred and fifty fellows, and Harrow, its arch-rival, something like half that number; when the new school-buildings on the Slough road were not yet dreamed of, and both fourth form and lower school attended service in the College Chapel like their superiors in the other divisions; when the College Chapel itself was a cold and bleak sanctuary, with but three or four stained-glass windows and no brass candelabra; and when the College dining-hall, yet bleaker than the Chapel, had no stained-glass windows at all, no tessellated pavement, no polished wainscot, yawning fireplace, gilt scutcheons or stately portraits; when, instead of the Bucks constabulary who now patrol its streets day and night, there limped solitary old Tom Bott, in his light-blue livery, with the Eton arms on his left sleeve and the Waterloo medal on his breast; and when, in a word, Eton was not quite the place it is now, nor yet so different but that present Etonians may easily imagine what manner of a spot it was;—then, in those days, when Dr. Goodford ruled over the upper school, and Mr. Coleridge over the lower, and when Spankie, the tart-man, still sold his wares opposite Mrs. Drury's boarding-house—I, the present writer, was sent to Eton, and became, after the usual fortnight's grace, the fag of Asheton, a fellow in the eight in the upper division of the fifth form, and a captain of my tutor's house.

I think it better to premise, however, that this tale is not destined to commemorate adventures of my own, but those of a fellow-fag called Jickling—Jickling, who had already been at the school a year when I arrived there, and was by common consent accounted the most idle, unkempt, incapable, and, in a general way, the least promising among the six hundred and fifty of us. It is a painful thing to say, but no-

body esteemed Jickling. His house-fellows were ashamed of him, and regarded him as a black sheep in their small, eminently tidy fold; our tutor viewed him with a cool and careful eye. If it had been put to anybody in the school whom it would have been the least desirable fellow to mess with, hold a "lock-up" \* with, or indeed, be intimately associated with in any way, the answer would have been "Jickling;" and this impression was more than doubled by the cynicism, not to say effrontery with which Jickling bore off his shortcomings. For of shame at his own unworthiness Jickling possessed none. Thus I had not been five minutes in his company on the night of my arrival, before he informed me—not a little to my consternation, when I understood what he meant—that he expected to be "swished" on the very next morning for having, in the train down from Paddington, blown a mouthful of peas into the face of an engine-driver, and been "nailed" in the act by a master who had got into the carriage next his at Ealing; and this communication was quite of a piece with Jickling's habitual confidences respecting himself. He was continually playing a part in those short but painful interviews with the head master that are conducted in the presence of the sixth-form præpostor and two "holders down;" and nobody would have ventured to assert that he came out from these interviews otherwise than hardened in spirit—however it might be in person—and steadfastly minded to be peccant again as soon as he had the opportunity. He was one of those unfortunate boys who seem pre-doomed to go wrong. Though provided with good clothes enough, his dress was always shabby and ill-matched, the trousers of one suit doing duty with the waistcoat of another; and though he was supplied with money sufficient, and more than sufficient, for all his needs, yet he never had a sixpence, and was always in debt. Desperate passages of arms would take place between him and the Spankie already mentioned, as he endeav-

\* Lock-up (*subaud.*) boat. The lock-up boat is a private skiff chartered for the boating-season at a cost of 5*l.* It is distinguished from the "chance-boat" in that the subscriber to the latter pays 2*l.* 10*s.* but must take his chance of any boat that happens to be unhired at the time he wants to row or scull and has not the exclusive right to any particular boat. The cost of a "lock-up" may be shared by two friends, that of a chance boat cannot be. The word "lock-up," taken in another sense, indicates the hour at which boys must be back to their tutors' houses of an evening. This hour varies according to the season—the extremes being 8.45 P.M. at mid-summer, and 5 P.M. during November and December.

oured to glide unobserved past that worthy at school-hours, and not only with Spankie, but with all the other tart-men, Spankie's colleagues, who lined the low wall which bisects the College part of High Street and forms a bulwark to the school-yard. No sooner, indeed, did Jickling heave in sight, with his necktie all awry, his hat brushed the wrong way, and his pockets bulged out with fives'-balls, stumps of half-eaten pears, and blotted *panas* (i.e. Punishment MSS.) than Spankie himself, brown-trousered Levi, Spankie's next neighbour and *vis-à-vis*, red-faced, straw-hatted Jobie, whose basket was a step further on, grey-coated old Brion, who wheeled about a whole vehicle full of confectionary, and certain desultory vendors, who sold apples peripatetically, would set up a chorus of howls and appeals, that would be taken up at the very school-gate itself by blue-cloaked Mrs. Pond—more familiarly "Missus"—who, seated on a low stool, retailing fruit and dormice, would shrilly call upon Jickling for pence long overdue. In school, Jickling was as unsatisfactory as out of it. When called up to construe, he never knew waere to go on: often he had brought the wrong book; and, somehow, he generally contrived to get himself weighted with a sentence to write out and translate the lesson before he had fairly started. And when he had started, who shall describe the torrent of solecism, false quantities, and hideous errors of translation that flowed imperturbably from his mouth? With a coolness utterly and unquestionably beyond rivaling, he would declare that *bis* was the dative plural of *bos*, and *sum* the accusative singular of *sus*, and that the correct rendering of *basis virtutum constantia* was "constancy is the basest of the virtues." Sometimes indeed, under immediate and forcible threats of condign punishment, he would so far prepare his lesson as to go through it twice attentively with a "crib" before proceeding into school, and on such occasions, his memory not being retentive, he would generally treat his hearers to something in this style:—

(Reading.) "Nux ego juncta vie cum sim sine crimine vitæ,  
A populo saxis prætereunte petor," &c.

(Construing.) "Nux ego I a nut, *juncta vie* joined to the road-way, *cum sim sine crimine* since I am without crime, *petor* am sought for, *prætereunte* as I go by, *a populo saxis* by the Saxon people." — And so on, until pulled up by a dismayed howl

from the master, and enjoined to write out Ovid's "Medea to Jason" in a legible hand, and bring it the next day at one o'clock. As to Jickling's verses they stood on a par with his prose performances, and were a continuous source of distorted nightmares to our unhappy tutor, whose duty it was to correct and put some sort of shape into them. It was currently reported that, having to turn into hexameters the two lines,

He left a name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale,

Jickling had laboriously fabricated this:—

Nomen linquebat per quod jam palluit orbis,  
Pungere morem aut caudam decorare super-  
bam;

and certainly this would have been rather above than below the average of his ordinary productions. Needless to add that, although Jickling was in lower fourth, that is, in the last division of the upper school, he had only arrived there after failing to pass his first examination out of the lower school. It was even rumoured that he would have been rejected the second time had it not been for the Macchiavellic determination of the lower master to get rid of him at any price, as a boy whose incurable idleness was contagious, and likely to corrupt the whole form. So there was Jickling, at the very bottom of his division—a boy of about twelve, with lank hair of a muddy flaxen colour; fingers permanently ink-stained; Balmoral boots that were never laced; and a curious white face, that looked inquiringly at you, out of a pair of eyes so wild, shifty, and defiant in their expression, that it was a wonder Nature had not taken them to put into the head of a polecat.

Now that Jickling should have flourished in our midst was a circumstance astonishing enough, seeing that of all the staid and proper youngsters I have ever met with, we Etonians were certainly the most exemplary; but that he should have been the fag of such a fellow as Asheton was a downright puzzle; for Asheton being captain of the house, and entitled to four fags, might have chosen any one he pleased and was under no compulsion whatever to select Jickling, who blacked his toast for him, spilled the gravy of sausages over his trousers, and when sent to carry a note, invariably took it to the wrong place. There could have been no community of thought or sympathy between Asheton and Jickling; for the two were simply as opposite to each other as white is to black,



or coal to sugar. What Jickling did wrong, Asheton did well; and what Asheton did well, Jickling was morally certain to do wrong. Asheton was a quiet and finished type of that class of boys who at Eton are termed "swells" — a subtle designation, the exact meaning of which it is not very easy to explain to outsiders. A boy was not a swell because he dressed well, or played cricket well, or boated well, or was high up in the school. All this had to be touched off with certain social qualities, and a great — I was going to say almost exaggerated — air of personal dignity, before the swell was complete. Stumpes maximus, the best bat in the eleven, who would alternately slash an innings of sixty and be bowled out first ball; who slouched about the streets with his hands in his pockets, and nodded good-naturedly to lower boys of his acquaintance — Stumpes was a very pleasant fellow, and immensely popular, but he was no swell. Cashman, again, whose father owned five millions sterling, and stuffed a fifty-pound note in each of his son's waistcoat-pockets in sending him back to school after holidays — Cashman was anything you please: — well dressed, well jewelled, generous and conceited, but nobody called him a swell, neither was he one. Asheton, on the other hand, was a swell *nem con*. He was not surpassingly excellent in anything, but he was good at everything, and might be relied on in everything. He pulled a capital oar, without great dash, but conscientiously and in fine form; he, moreover, bowled and batted well enough to hold his own with credit in any match that took place in that part of the playing fields called "Aquatics," and reserved for "wet bobs," or fellows whose habitual vocation was the river. At fives and football he was also counted among the first; but in these and all other pastimes the great merit of him was that his play was sure. As he had played to-day, so would he play to-morrow: there was nothing unequal in him, no wavering, no unexpected breaking down at a moment when all the hopes of his friends were centered on his performance. Personally he was neatness itself. About eighteen years old, lightly built, and rather above middle height, he had a handsome aristocratic face of essentially English mould, though, perhaps, a little too serious for his age, and a figure that was fitly set off by the absolutely faultless style in which he dressed. His white cravat, tied as only Etonians used to tie them; his speckless linen, glossy hat, and trimly

folded silk umbrella, were things to see, admire, and copy; the more so as Asheton was always trim, always speckless, always glossy, whatever befell — even though, for instance, he had been rowing up to Monkey Island, and had reached Windsor Bridge on his return, with only seven minutes in which to land, dress, and run down to College, to answer to the calling of his name at two-o'clock "Absence" — a circumstance of not unfrequent occurrence, and always particularly trying to the "swell" temperament. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the extent to which we young shavers respected Asheton; but mind, I say *respected* not *liked*; for Asheton would no more have familiarized with a lower boy in-doors, or taken notice of him in the streets, than a colonel would chum with a private soldier; and our feelings towards him were consequently much of the same reverential order as a soldier's might be towards an officer who was kind and just, but cold and a little of a martinet. When I have added that in his school-work Asheton shone pretty much as he did in athletics, that is, uniformly and moderately well, without startling brilliancy — that, for example, after an examination, his name was generally to be found between the fifteenth and the twenty-fifth on the list (out of seventy or eighty), and that in the half-yearly trials or "collections" he was habitually in the second class — I shall, I think, have said all that is needful to fill up his portrait. To sum up: Without being one of those overpoweringly good youths whom we are bound to admire in books, and whom, in private life, we do so deeply and ardently long to see flogged, he was a slightly prim, accomplished, and honourable young Briton, whom our tutor did well to enjoin us smaller boys to imitate, and whom we certainly should have striven to imitate whether he had enjoined it or no. Nobody would have said of Asheton (at least, not we his fags, who were apt to judge of things superficially) that he was one of those fellows who blossom out into Pitts, Cannings, Wellingtons, or other of those swell Etonians whose busts in marble adorn the upper school-room; but he was a boy who might develop, when the due season came, into an unimpeachable M.P., a Chairman of Quarter Sessions void of reproach, or, if he took to soldiering, into an officer who, in victory or defeat, would make an unbragging stand with his men against quintuple odds, and die, firm to his post, with cool intrepidity.



This said by way of introducing my *dramatis personæ*, let me, with your leave, take up the thread of my narrative at the point where, having just arrived at Eton in the month of September of the year 185—, I learned that untidy Jickling and I were to be fag-mates.

It was not Jickling himself who brought me this piece of news, but Stumpes minor, brother to the Stumpes in the Eleven, who entered my room on the next morning but one after my arrival, holding a copper kettle in one hand and a plate of muffins in the other, and said, "Rivers, you're to come down with me to Asheton's room."

I cannot say this summons caused me anything like a great pleasure, for at the private school whence I came the word fag had been held up *in terrorem* over me by everybody who had ever pronounced it. Certain of my schoolfellows, amicably jealous, no doubt, of my going to Eton, had given me clearly to understand that, as a preliminary to all further relations with me, my fag-master would begin by having me tossed in a blanket, then set me to blacken his boots for him, and that, on my failing to polish these to such a degree of perfection as would admit of his shaving himself by their help instead of in a looking-glass, he would order me to stand on my head in the middle of the room and take shots at me with a toasting-fork. Jickling, who had apparently divined the existence of these fears in the course of our first conversation, had, on the second occasion of our discoursing, taken benevolent pains to develop them; and he was in the act of gloomily relating to me how this very Asheton had once fagged him to go to the top of the "Long Walk," a distance of four miles and a half, walking all the way on his hands, legs uppermost, when he was severely interrupted by one Greegleby, four foot high, but irascible, and protector of the weak, who joined us on the pavement outside our tutor's house where the interview was taking place, and cried out indignantly, "Shut up, Jickling: it's a chouse greening new fellows."

"You're always doing something cad-dish," followed up young Blazepole, whose head was like an orange-coloured mop, and who, leaning against a door-post, was gravely counting what remained of three pounds he had brought back with him after an equitable settlement of all his debts.

"None but a snob would tell such confounded cracks as that to a fellow who's

not been here a week," pursued Greegleby, still very wroth, for it was evident that it went sore against his notions of morality that anybody should be deceived until he had been at school long enough to be prepared for it.

"If I waited a week he wouldn't be greenable," answered Jickling, coolly; and saying this, he turned one of the pockets of his trousers inside out, and proceeded to remove a piece of Everton toffee that was sticking in a corner thereof. "New fellows," added he, sucking the toffee, "are like puppies—they begin to see clear towards the ninth day."

"Don't mind what he says, Rivers," exclaimed young Greegleby, loftily. "Nobody pays any attention to him."

"No, nobody," assented Blazepole, who had just ascertained that his resources amounted to one pound sixteen shillings and a penny, and was restoring this wealth to his pocket-book.

So I was informed both by Greegleby and Blazepole, the one corroborating the other, that I had nothing to fear of Asheton, that he was a good fellow, and that he never bullied, because bullying was a blackguardly thing, only practised at "low shops," (and here Greegleby mentioned the public schools which he regarded as "low shops,") but never at Eton. Yet somehow these assurances must have left me not altogether convinced, for it was with something very like a feeling of being about to suffer tribulation that on the following morning I obeyed the summons of Stumpes minor, and followed him, the copper-kettle, and the muffins down to the room where Asheton lodged.

I remember this room as if I were still standing in it now, on that bright September morning, with my heart going thump—thump against my brown waistcoat, and my cheeks flushed with anticipatory emotion. It was a largish room, perhaps twenty feet by fifteen, and had two windows, both of which were curtained with some warm purple stuff, which I took for silk, but which was probably not that, and filled with flower-boxes, where glowed some scarlet geraniums, whose showy coats stood out bravely against the dull bricks of a boarding-house opposite. The carpet under our feet was what is, I believe, called a Kidderminster, but it was an honest Kidderminster of good ruddy hue, chosen to match with which was the crimson figured paper, not very expensive I should say the yard, but handsome nevertheless, and sundry velvet brackets supporting pewter and silver prize-cups,

on one of which I read floridly engraved: "*Frederick Asheton, Winner of the Pulling. Floreat Etona.*" In the way of furniture, provided by our tutor, and destined to pass along with the room itself to successive owners, were, in addition to the carpet above-mentioned and its attendant hearth-rug, a shut-up bedstead, which had done unmistakable service already, if one might judge by its venerable oaken complexion; a bureau, on the leaf of which Asheton had (presumably in the lower-boy phase of his existence) carved his initials and crest; four Windsor chairs, also carved and chipped; a shut-up wash-hand-stand, with a piece of oil-cloth in front of it; and a square deal table, covered with a red flowered tablecloth, and like the chairs, carved to any lengths, if you were only prying enough to lift up a corner of the tablecloth and see. But all these items played only a subsidiary part in the adornment of the chamber, for it is not to his tutor that an Eton boy looks to make his room cozy. From the day when he is installed in the small apartment, which is his to do with as he pleases (blessed privilege!), the boy's one thought is how to give it that habitable look which smells of home; and in Asheton's case this pre-occupation, extended over six years, had taken shape in pictures, stuffed-bird cases, and useful knickknacks, in such numbers as to make the room seem almost alive with comfort, colour, and cheerfulness. By gazing with a little attention, too, one could detect at what different dates the things had been bought, and so follow the boy through the various gradations of taste and culture engendered by his public-school training. Those flashy-looking sporting cracks, now relegated to an obscure corner, had clearly been purchased when a love of paint predominated over other considerations, and when the chief thing to be aimed at was the making of much effect with little money. By and by taste had improved; the fourth form was abandoned and the remove was reached. The young investor had said: "Instead of these staring things that are too cheap to be good, I'll lay out a couple of pounds at one sweep." Yet not daring to trust his own taste so far as to select something quite original, he had resolved to buy what he had most often heard praised; hence, "Dignity and Impudence" and "Laying down the Law," by Landseer; "My dog," "My Horse," "The Rent Day," and a few more prints as well known and popular; intermingled with which were a case of stuffed frogs playing cricket, and a case of stuffed

squirrels fighting a duel, the blood of the worsted squirrel being realistically represented by a blotch of meandering sealing-wax. Then the upper-boy sphere of white ties, five-pound "tips" and ten-pounds half-yearly pocket-money, had been attained; and trained enough by this time to essay his own taste unshackled, the lover of river sports and member of the Eight had chosen a really admirable series of water-colours depicting Thames scenery and artistically done by hand, not chromographed. You would think that this agglomeration of lights and shades must have formed a strange medley; but no, everything was in its place, looked well where it was, and did its share towards making up that comfortable total which means snugness. There was no such thing as a vacant place on the walls; every inch of space was filled up. Here a pair of prize foils with velvet and gilt handles; here a miniature out-rigger with the date of a race upon it; here again, nailed to the wall near the fireplace, three ribbons, scarlet, dark blue and light blue respectively, and lettered, "Saint George," "Britannia," and "Victory," the names of three boats to which Asheton had in turn belonged; and there, five feet above the mantel-piece, a set of branching antlers decked out with a couple of those small silk flags such as flutter from the bows at boat-races, and with a gala straw-hat emblazoned with the Eton scutcheon, and made to be worn at the 4th of June and Election Saturday regattas. I shall not have enumerated everything, however, if I do not allude to a picture, of no great merit in itself, but which had evidently, through all changes and chances, held the same post in Asheton's room — and that the post of honour. It was a picture of a country-house — of home — executed by mother's or sister's hand, and hung just under the antlers over the mantel-shelf, the first thing that struck you as you went in, and the thing towards which the eye most gladly returned after roaming over everything else. Asheton had stuck a couple of home valentines in the frame of this picture, and in one of the nail-rings a wedding favour, memento of some home wedding.

I took in all this at a glance, though I have been five minutes describing it; and I had leisure to examine the whole room in detail, while Stumpes mi., to whom, presently, was added Blazepole, began laying his master's breakfast-things. For Asheton had not turned round on our entry; he was seated at his bureau, reading up his seventy lines of Boreau for eleven-

o'clock school, by the aid of Mr. Smart's translation; and as Stumpes did not see fit to call his attention to my presence, neither, of course, did I. Stumpes directed me to take my stand against a wall—which I did meekly—and to watch how he “did the things, so as to be able to manage like me, you know, in a fortnight's time:” which I also complied with, for to see a cloth laid by so extremely small and dignified a person as Stumpes was somewhat of a novelty to me. First, Stumpes removed the scarlet tablecloth, and threw it to Blaze-pole, who folded it; then the pair between them laid the white cloth, which Stumpes had extracted from a cupboard, smoothed it, and set upon it a cup, saucer, sugar-basin, milk-jug, slop-basin, and two plates of a white pattern with blue rims. Then Stumpes possessed himself of a Britannia-metal teapot, and put therein three powerful spoonfuls of tea, holding out the pot at the same time for Blaze-pole to pour in boiling water *quantum sufficit*; this done, out from the cupboard came a metal spoon, a knife and a three-pronged fork with white handles, three new rolls and a pat of butter—edibles that were promptly followed by a ham, drawn out of an open hamper, and laid by Stumpes upon a dish which Blaze-pole was sent to fetch; a Yorkshire pie and a pot of marmalade, the bladder covering of which Stumpes deftly removed with a knife, as if used to such work. The muffins came last, but were advantageously planted beside the tea-pot, along with a hot-water contrivance that had been employed to keep them from cooling. Then Stumpes, having cast a searching glance to assure himself that there was nothing wanting, he and Blaze-pole were seized with a violent fit of coughing, which would have effectually precluded all further work on Asheton's part, had he not understood the hint, and risen. It was then his eye lit upon me.

“Oh, I beg your pardon,” he said, civilly; “I didn't know you were in the room. Why didn't you tell me, Stumpes?” With which words he seated himself at the table, and pointed silently to the ham, as a hint to Blaze-pole that the carving-knife and fork had been forgotten. Both fags rushed together towards the cupboard, exchanging mutual reproaches *sotto voce*. “Your name's Rivers, I believe?” added Asheton, buttering a roll. “Northamptonshire or Somersetshire Rivers?” And he made a second gesture towards the ham, thus intimating to Stumpes to begin carving, which that model fag proceeded to do

on the spot with the expertness of a professional.

“Somersetshire,” I answered, feeling very much like adding, “Sir.”

“And in what form are you placed?” continued Asheton, receiving on his plate a slice of ham half a foot in diameter, and thin as a wafer.

“Blaze-pole, you've forgotten the mustard,” whispered Stumpes, sepulchrally.

“It was you that forgot it,” retorted Blaze-pole, in the tone of a conspirator; but he made a dive at the cupboard for the empty mustard-pot, and vanished out of the room with it, scrambling down the staircase four steps at a time, *en route* for the kitchen.

“In lower fourth,” I replied to Asheton's question, feeling more and more like saying “Sir,” and unable to take my eyes off him, as he ate a muffin, waiting till the mustard had arrived.

“Well, you are excused fagging till next Thursday week,” he rejoined, cutting up his ham; “and after that you'll fag for me, along with Stumpes there, Blaze-pole, and Jickling. But, by the way, where is Jickling? Has he skirked fagging?” And Asheton looked up from his plate and round the room inquiringly.

Stumpes did not immediately answer. He had no respect for Jickling, but he had a great deal for those time-honoured principles that prohibit tale-telling; so with more solicitude for the interest of these principles than for those of abstract truth, he proceeded to invent an excuse for his absent fag-mate, not knowing more than the man in the moon to what that absence was due.

“I think my tutor sent for him after prayers,” he said.

“What about?”

“Probably for not being at prayers,” responded Stumpes, bravely.

“But he *was* at prayers,” remarked Asheton.

“Then it must have been for something else,” said Stumpes, perplexed; but he was spared the trouble of drawing further on his imagination, for at that moment there was a precipitate shuffling of feet in the passage, and a double entry—Blaze-pole with the mustard, and Jickling himself with nothing.

It was the first time Asheton had seen Jickling that half, so he held out his hand.

“How do you do, Jickling?” he said.

“Do, Asheton?” mumbled Jickling, extending a dusky paw.

“Late, of course,” pursued Asheton.

“Yes,” returned Jickling, withdrawing

the paw, and thrusting it deep into a trouser-pocket, where finding some coppers, it began to rattle them.

"And what's this I hear," asked Asheton, helping himself to mustard, and speaking without a smile, "that you've already been flogged, by way of beginning the half well?"

"Yes," said Jickling, gloomily; "I had seven cuts."

"For shooting peas?"

"They were small peas," remonstrated Jickling. "Besides, I don't see what right a master has to nail me when I'm in a coloured tie. I was in the train—hadn't yet reached Eton, nor put my black tie on. The train stops at Hanwell. I fish out a pea-shooter, and let fly at the engine-driver of a neighbouring train. A master pokes his head out of the next carriage window, and says, 'What's your name? Where do you board? I shall complain of you.' I call that snobbish."

"What do you call shooting the peas?" asked Asheton, quietly.

Jickling stared; but, after turning the matter over, declined to take any notice of this question. He recommenced to rattle his coppers.

"Ah! that reminds me," broke in Asheton; "before you've spent all your money, please to pay me your football subscription."

Jickling pulled an excessively wry face; not so Stumpes and Blazepole, who, with the alacrity of habit, and without being asked, drew out their purses, and laid on Asheton's table the sum of three shillings and sixpence apiece.

"It's for the footballs, the goal-sticks, the cad who takes care of the balls, and the beer we drink after playing," explained Stumpes to me in a whisper. "Fork out yours too." And under Stumpes' direction, I forked out 3s. 6d.

Jickling, meanwhile, had rummaged in his pockets, and produced a sovereign, which he gazed at with an eye of affection, as apparently his last. Then, after a good deal more fumbling, he managed to scrape together the requisite smaller sum, parting, however, with all his copper money to effect this total, which formed a brown heap on the table. Asheton had been silently disposing of his ham. He now looked up fixedly at Jickling, and said, "Have you paid all your debts, Jickling?"

"What debts?" asked Jickling, sulky and embarrassed.

"Your ticks to Spankie, Jobie, and the other men at the wall. You owed them all something."

"Yes," grumbled Jickling, more and more sulky.

"Then, you owe no one anything now?"

"Nothing," answered Jickling, in a tone and with a morose look that bore an economy of truth on the face of them.

"Well, then," returned Asheton, either believing or pretending to believe, "you are free to make a fresh start now, and to turn over a new leaf for the future—and you must try and do it for your own sake. I don't want to say anything unpleasant, mind you," added he, in a voice which I think took us all aback from its sudden seriousness; "but up to this time, Jickling, your life at Eton has been a failure; and as we all in this house are concerned for our own honour in not seeing you go to the bad, I mean to keep a sort of a lookout over you this half. Yes. I don't mean to spy over you or pry about you, or anything of that kind; but I shall make an attempt to render you fit for something, as you've hitherto been fit for nothing. Last half, and the half before, you never played and never worked. You spent your time mooning about, with your face unwashed, your lessons unlearned, and no sort of object in life, but to catch flies, count the dogs in Fisher the birdman's yard, run into idiotic mucks, and get swished. That won't do. Be anything you please—a sap, a dry-bob, or a wet-bob\*—but be something. Going on as you're doing, you'd be a confirmed muff, and perhaps a leg, by the time you're twenty, and then, of course, you'd lay it half to me, and say that if Asheton who was your fag-master, had done his duty, you wouldn't be where you are. And that's true. If I had a brother here, I shouldn't let him follow the road you're treading, and so I don't see why I should allow you. I'll say more—I don't think it would be honest or fair to allow you. And now that's enough," concluded Asheton, quietly pouring himself out some tea. "You may run along, all of you; and as for you, young man" (turning his eyes on me), "bear in mind what I've just said to Jickling. Be something: give yourself an object, and, if it's an honourable one, you won't be sorry for it by-and-by."

In another minute we were all standing outside Asheton's door, and I, whom my fag-master's few words had impressed more than any pulpit-sermon I had ever heard, drew a sigh of relief to think what my fears of the morning had all come to,

\* "A sap," "a dry-bob," or "a wet-bob," Anglicised, "a book-worm," "a cricketer," or "an oarsman."

and what manner of a fellow it was I was going to serve.

"Is he always like that?" I asked of Jickling, with some emotion.

"Yes," answered Jickling, in huge indignation; "he's always fond of jawing. What business has he to question me about my ticks? they don't concern him. And why does he say he shall spy and pry into me all this half? He hasn't the right to do it. No, he hasn't. And it's hateful snobbishness of him to pretend he has."

Whereat Jickling turned round facing the door, and raising his hand to a level with his countenance, made, I regret to state, with his displayed fingers, that gesture which, in all times and in all countries, has been expressive of contemptuous defiance.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### THE CONSTITUTION OF SWEDEN.

ALTHOUGH the position of Sweden is far inferior to that held by her during the stirring reigns of the great princes of the Wasa line, her diminished influence is due to causes common to most small states in the present day, and not to a real lack of prosperity. Insignificance in the world of politics is not inconsistent with substantial progress; and the welfare and happiness of Sweden have not suffered in the exchange of the alarms of war for the security of peace. By the loss of Finland and Pomerania, scarcely compensated by the union under one crown of the two kingdoms of the Scandinavian Peninsula, the Swedes have been deprived of a base of operations on the Continent at the same time that they have acquired a practical immunity from invasion, except by sea. Russia, the only power so situated as to have the opportunity of marching round the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, would find the undertaking certainly perilous, perhaps not even practicable; and the danger of Sweden arises rather from the inadequacy of its resources to the construction and maintenance of a fleet sufficiently powerful to protect its extensive sea-board. While other countries have been torn by internal dissensions or exhausted by the ravages of war, Sweden has, since the Napoleonic era, been left in quiet to pursue the path of steady improvement; and now, under the grandson of Bernadotte, enjoys a constitution well adapted to the genius of the people, the material advantages of which may recon-

cile them to the loss of their former glories. Till the beginning of this century the history of Sweden was simply that of its kings; and brilliant as the narrative of their exploits is, the interest attached to the development of the constitution as well as to the improved condition of the inhabitants fully supplies its place. A greater contrast than the present relation of the mass of the people to the government compared with their former want of influence is seldom to be found. Even the Reformation which, in other countries, though initiated by the government, was the occasion of drawing forth warm feelings on either side among the governed, in Sweden was brought about by the fiat of the sovereign amidst the indifference of the laity.

The dawn of a better state of things was almost coeval with the change of dynasty which ultimately led to the accession of Bernadotte. The events which resulted in the seating a French family upon the throne of Charles XII. are too well known to require to be narrated at length. Gustavus IV., by his rashness and imprudence, almost amounting to madness, had brought the country to the verge of ruin, and his obstinacy was such that there seemed little hope of prevailing on him to withdraw from the unequal contest on which he had entered. In these circumstances a revolution was effected, the King was forced to abdicate, and his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, proclaimed in his stead. The difficulties of the revolution did not terminate there. Charles XIII. was childless, and it was necessary that he should adopt some one as his heir, to whom the crown might descend unquestioned. Accordingly the Prince Augustenburg was, in the first instance, declared Crown Prince, but his sudden death shortly thereafter reopened the whole subject; and it was only after some delay that the succession was offered to Bernadotte, whose treatment of the Swedish prisoners in Pomerania had rendered him generally popular. He accepted the offer, and his dynasty seems now to be firmly established, and to have succeeded in attaching to it the sympathies of the people. From these circumstances the present constitution took its first colouring; and though in the course of time many important alterations have been made, its main outlines remain the same. It is contained in four *Grundlagar*, or fundamental laws, the sanctity of which is guarded by the provision that they shall not be repealed or innovated, except by a decree which has received the assent of



two successive Riksdags, in addition to the approval of the sovereign. These statutes are, the Regerings Form passed in 1800, the Successions Ordning in 1810, the Tryckfrihets Förordning in 1812, and the Riksdags Ordning in 1866, and respectively define the Constitution, the Succession to the Throne, the Freedom of the Press, and the powers and mode of election of the Riksdag. The succession to the throne is strictly entailed upon the male descendants of Bernadotte, and all females or males connected through females with the royal house are expressly excluded. Adherence to the pure Protestant faith, as contained in the Augsburg Confession, and accepted and explained by the Upsala Decree of 1593, is a *sine quâ non*, the contravention of which would annul the rights of the reigning family. No prince of the blood-royal can marry without the consent of the King; but if he does, he *ipso facto* forfeits all claims which he or his children would otherwise have to the crown. In no case, whether with or without the consent of the sovereign, can a prince or princess marry a Swedish subject, except another member of the royal family. A prince, accepting a foreign crown, or becoming entitled to it by marriage, also forfeits his rights, unless he has obtained the sanction of the King and of the Riksdag. When the heir to the throne is in minority, the nomination of guardians to him is vested in the Riksdag, whose right cannot be defeated by the will of the predeceasing monarch. In the event of the failure of the male heirs of Bernadotte, the right of election to the vacant throne lies with the Riksdag, which must be specially summoned within fifteen days after the throne has become vacant.

The project has sometimes been mooted of the union of the three Scandinavian nations under one sovereign, with the proviso that each should retain its present constitution, and expectations have even been entertained of this result being accomplished through the marriage of Prince George of Denmark to the only child of Carl XV. But apart altogether from the provisions of the Successions Ordning, the Swedish people would deprecate a proposal, the risks of which seem to their eyes more manifest than the advantages. They say, and with much truth, that a union with Denmark would contribute little to their strength; while it could not fail to add to the danger of their being embroiled with Germany. The fear of provoking the animosity either of that country or of Russia is ever present to the minds of

Swedish statesmen, and they not unnaturally shrink from the prospect of a conflict in which the combatants would be so unequally matched. No plan, however fair it may appear in the eyes of outsiders, is likely to find favour with them, which would, in an appreciable degree, increase the peril of their position. Whatever may be the consequences to Denmark, the law of self-preservation imperatively demands that they should first consult their own safety. Should Carl XV. die without marrying again and leaving a son to succeed him, the crown will pass to his brother, Prince Oscar, who is distinguished for his popular manners, and is not wanting in ability.

The executive and administrative functions of government are vested in the sovereign, while he shares with the Riksdag the responsibilities of legislation. His consent is necessary to all measures passed by the Riksdag, and his power of rejection is not unfrequently exercised. The nomination to the principal public offices alike in Church and State lies with him, and the superintendence of the judicial system is specially committed to his charge. There are some limitations upon his powers in this respect. Only Swedes are eligible for appointments, with the exception of professorships in the universities (exclusive of the theological chairs) and teacherships in the various institutions for art, science, and technical instruction. To these foreigners may be nominated, if they profess their adherence to the Protestant creed; but commands in the army may be bestowed on foreigners without reference to their religious belief. Fortresses, however, may not be committed to their keeping. By naturalization, foreigners receive all the rights and privileges of citizenship, except eligibility for nomination to the Stats-Rad or Council of State. The Stats-Rad forms the chief check upon the sovereign in the exercise of the very wide powers with which he is endowed by the constitution, and is responsible for all his public actings. It consists of ten members, seven of whom are the heads of the Departments of Justice, Foreign Affairs, the Army, the Navy, the Home Office, the Exchequer, and Ecclesiastical Affairs. The remaining three have no special duties assigned them, but are expected to be present at the deliberations of the Council, and to share the responsibility of the resolutions arrived at. The Stats-Rad is nominated by the King, and occupies much the same position which the Ministry does in England. They are not, however, of necessity members of the



Riksdag; to which, if not chosen by any constituency, they have free right of entrance and of taking part in the deliberations and discussions, but without the privilege of voting. This system is recommended by the consideration that the services of eminent statesmen are thus not dependent upon the accident of an election; and at the same time no excessive power is thrown into the hands of the executive from the possession of such a seat not conferring a vote. An adverse vote does not ensure the dismissal of a Ministry whose policy is obnoxious to the majority, but naturally leads to their resignation when they find it impossible to carry on the government on account of the strength of the opposition. Thus the late Bill for the Reorganization of the Army, and for placing the liability to service on a different footing, only occasioned the downfall of the government after it had been several times before the Chambers and as often rejected. No resolution affecting foreign affairs can be decided on by the King, except in the presence of three councillors, in addition to the minister whose department it affects, and important questions can only be determined in a full Council. After hearing the opinions of the Council, the King decides the question as may seem best to him, and the responsibility for his decision rests with those members who have either approved of, or, at any rate, not opposed his opinion. The proceedings of all meetings must be preserved in writing; and to escape responsibility, the objections stated must be carefully minuted. Although the sovereign has the power of deciding, a check is provided against his arbitrary abuse of it by the requirement that, in addition to the subscription of the King, all decrees shall be countersigned by the minister to whose department it belongs, and who by so signing incurs full responsibility.

In the event of his disapproval, he may refuse to sign, but is then held to have resigned his office. War can be proclaimed, or peace concluded, only after a discussion in a full meeting of the Council, from which the King receives authority to give effect to their resolution, though nominally the carrying of it out is left to his option. The public duties incumbent on the monarch are not inconsiderable; and the present occupant of the throne is understood to devote much time to the affairs of the country, and to enter heartily into measures proposed for its benefit. As Commander-in-Chief of the army his authority

in time of war is very extensive, so far as concerns military operations; but fortunately, for Sweden, her warlike resources have not been put to the test since the days when the Swedish contingent, under the leadership of Bernadotte, then Crown Prince, aided in the deliverance of Europe from the yoke of Napoleon.

Compared with the great armies of the Continent Sweden now presents but a poor figure, notwithstanding that its military establishment is much what it was when at the zenith of its glory. The regular army, which is permanently embodied, numbers only five thousand five hundred men, but the chief dependence of the country is upon the "indelter" army, which is maintained in a somewhat peculiar manner. The whole cultivated land of Sweden was anciently divided into "hemman," an arbitrary measure varying according to the then value of the ground. The "hemman," can only be sold in whole or in certain specified shares, (as in the case of ships under our Merchant Shipping Act), and public burdens are imposed with reference to this division—among others, that of the support of a soldier, who must be furnished with a cottage and a piece of ground sufficient for his maintenance. In process of time the inequalities of such a mode of taxation have much increased, through the unequal manner in which the value of property has risen. The estates of the nobles, too, possessed an exemption from these burdens, which they still retain even when in the hands of purchasers belonging to other classes. Under this system the number of soldiers only amounted to twenty-four thousand infantry and four thousand five hundred cavalry, a force quite inadequate to the defence of the country; even if the National Beväring, or Militia, said to number eighty thousand men, be taken into consideration. All young men between twenty and twenty-five are liable to be enrolled in this latter force, and to undergo a slight amount of drill; exemptions are, however, obtained for a small payment, and not much reliance could be placed on such a force, even if it amounted to the full number above stated. Accordingly, a modification of the German system has been proposed; but has been successfully resisted, partly by those who thought that their burdens would be thereby enlarged, and partly by those who were of opinion that no additional security would be obtained. Probably some alteration in the military system of the country will be effected, though not of such a sweeping character.

Great improvements have been made in the representation of the people, the old machinery of which was cumbrous and anomalous in the extreme. The States of the Realm, as they were called, consisted of four distinct Houses, of equal weight, whose joint assent was required to every measure before it could receive the royal approval. If the object of the framers had been to devise a system under which legislation should be reduced to a minimum they could not have fallen upon a better plan. The heads of all the noble families in the kingdom were members of the House of Nobles, and numbered between four hundred and five hundred; in that of the Clergy, the twelve Bishops had seats *ex officio*, along with forty-five representatives of the inferior clergy; the burghers and peasants had respectively forty-seven and one hundred and twelve deputies; the former of whom were elected by the members of the guild, and not by the mass of the citizens. The anomalies of this system of representation pressed upon the people more than the slowness of legislation, which was partially obviated by the great influence which the Court had over the members. In Sweden all the descendants of a noble were accounted noble, and as they were considered to be represented by the seat which the head of the family had in the House of Nobles, no noble, except the head of the family, could sit in that House, and they were equally excluded from the other Houses. More irritating still, large classes of wealthy proprietors, who were not of noble birth and did not belong to the peasant class, had no representation at all; and in towns, all but the favoured members of the guilds were excluded from the right either of electing or being elected. No one was satisfied with this state of matters, not even the privileged classes, and heavy fines had to be imposed upon the electoral districts to induce the peasants to send representatives. As they were obliged to pay their deputies, they would willingly have neglected to exercise their privilege, and in default, sometimes returned, not the most worthy candidate, but the one who promised to accept the smallest remuneration. Accordingly, after much discussion and excitement, the Government yielded to the strongly expressed wish of the country, and carried through the several Houses the abolition of the States of the Realm, subject to some concessions in favor of the nobility and clergy, and substituted in their place the Riksdag, which consists of two elective Chambers.

The change has proved highly advantageous; and the progress of the country has received a new impetus from the greater ease with which the work of legislation is carried on; while the Government has been rendered sensibly more responsible for its actings.

The constitution of the Riksdag is settled with great care, as well as the mode in which it is to exercise its powers. Though both Houses are elective, certain peculiarities in the first Chamber render it aristocratic alike in its *personnel* and in its tendencies. Its members are chosen, not by the electors, but in the counties by the Landsting, or provincial council; and in the towns by the *Stadsfullmaktare*, who perform similar functions. These bodies, though chosen by the general body of the electors, are practically independent in the exercise of their powers of voting in the elections for the First Chamber. Their own elections turn not upon the manner in which they are likely to discharge this particular duty, but upon their general administrative capacity, and number in their ranks a fair proportion of the more intelligent classes. No one can be a member of the First Chamber who is not above thirty-five years of age, or does not possess property taxed as of the value of 80,000 rix-dollars, or is assessed on an income of 4,000 rix-dollars. A rix-dollar is worth about 1s. 1 1-2d., and though this property is not high according to English ideas, it has an exclusive tendency in a country where there is little wealth. If, after having been elected, a member loses his property, he is obliged to resign his seat. The Members of the Second Chamber, again, are elected by the constituencies, who choose electors, in the proportion of one for each parish, and an additional one for each 500 inhabitants. The sole duty of the electors is to give effect to the wishes of the parish by which they are chosen, and having voted for the candidates, their office expires. The property-qualification in the case of the Second Chamber is much lower, and besides, the members receive a salary of 1,200 dollars for each ordinary meeting of the Riksdag, in addition to their travelling expenses. The members of the First Chamber are mostly nobles, large landed proprietors, and officers; while the Second Chamber is composed of peasants, clergymen, and others of the middle class. It is impossible to be present at the Riksdag without being struck with the appearance of inferiority in the latter, as well in rank as in ability. By force of law the

Riksdag meets on January 15 in each year, and cannot be dissolved, except with its own consent, until it has sat for four months. If the King think that circumstances render it necessary, he may summon an extraordinary meeting at any time, at which only the special business for which it has been called can be discussed. The first duty of the members on their arrival in Stockholm, where the Riksdag meets, is to present to an official, appointed by the King, their commissions, in order to be verified. On the opening day they attend divine service in one of the churches, and immediately thereafter go to the Rikssaal, a fine hall in the Palace, where the King reads an address. The speakers of the two Chambers then read addresses in reply, in which they express in general terms the loyalty of the Riksdag, without giving any opinion upon the subjects of the King's speech. They then meet in their separate halls, and proceed to the election of secretaries and other officials. The speakers are named by the King, but must be members of the Riksdag. If not dissolved by the King, who has it in his power to order a new election of either or both Chambers at any time after the expiry of four months from the date of meeting, the Second Chamber requires to be re-elected every three, and the First Chamber every nine years. The principal peculiarity in the conduct of the business consists in the system of Standing Committees, which is regarded by Swedish politicians as a great aid to legislation. Immediately after the verification of their powers is completed, each Chamber proceeds to the election by ballot of half the members for five standing committees, respectively called the Constitution, the State, the Exchequer, the Bank, and the Law Committees, to which all measures, when brought for the first time before the Riksdag, are remitted to be considered, amended, and reported on. Only after the report has been made, do the Chambers proceed to discuss them. By this expedient crude and ill-advised legislation is avoided, and bills cannot be hurried through the Chambers without their real import and bearing being understood, at the same time that care is taken to prevent contradictory enactments from being passed. This preliminary sifting also expedites the passing of measures through the Riksdag, the time of which is not wasted in rambling and inconclusive debates. The two Chambers sit and vote separately, and are occupied with the preparation of bills to be presented to the

King for his approval, and the consideration of proposals emanating from him.

The freedom of the press is jealously watched over by the Riksdag; which throws a special protection over it by the appointment of a commission of six competent men, before whom any author or publisher may lay a new work, and demand their opinion upon the question, whether its publication would expose either of them to a prosecution for a contravention of the laws relating to this subject. If the commission consider that its character is unobjectionable, no legal proceedings can afterwards be instituted by the government against the publisher or author whose responsibility for the contents of the book is shifted to the shoulders of the commission. On the other hand, the parties may publish at their own risk, if the opinion of the commission is adverse. Practically the press is as free as in England, and little or no restraint is placed upon the right of the newspapers, and other organs of public opinion, to comment upon the conduct of the affairs of the country.

A seat in the Riksdag, though regarded as an honour, is not made an object of ambition, and as yet the violence and party animosity which characterize our elections are unknown. One reason of this may be the refusal of wealthy gentlemen to sit in the Second Chamber; while the select constituencies in whose hands the elections to the First Chamber are placed, are too small and too independent to afford much scope for the action of election agents. It would not be too much to say, that election as a member of the Riksdag is viewed rather as a duty incumbent upon those who are nominated than as a favour for which they have to be grateful. The benefit conferred is thought to be on the part of the representative, and not on that of the constituency. So far as parties exist in the Riksdag, the antagonism is rather between town and country, than between the exponents of more or less liberal opinions.

In each county a Landsting, already alluded to, is constituted for the despatch of matters relating to its internal organization, such as the imposition of taxes for local purposes. The members are chosen directly by the constituencies, and generally from a highly respectable class. The matters brought before them are disposed of in a sensible business-like manner, without oratorical display. They hold their meetings at certain specified times, and fines are imposed for absence without ex-

cuse, for the ascertainment of which a roll is called at the beginning and end of each day's proceedings. No properly-qualified person can refuse a nomination to the Landsting, unless possessed of certain grounds of exemption, and great care is taken to secure that the members of the Landsting are of unblemished character. At a Landsting at which we were lately present, objection was taken against the eligibility of one member when he presented his credentials on the ground that thirty years before he had been convicted of fraud in regard to the sale of a horse, and in spite of his defence, that he was wrongly convicted, the Landsting held him disqualified. The towns possess a similar organization, and each parish or commune is also endowed with the faculty of self-government, and elects persons to manage matters purely relating to it. It will be seen from this account, that there must be a great amount of liberty enjoyed by the people, and that much power is placed directly in their hands. Several causes contribute to prevent its abuse. The population is sparse; and, except perhaps in Stockholm, no large class of the community is sunk in extreme poverty, though many of the comforts which an English workman would think indispensable, are often wanting. In thinly-inhabited districts there is little opportunity for noisy and unscrupulous demagogues obtaining influence, and where every man knows his neighbour, character and respectability have their proper weight.

Elementary education, too, is universally diffused; the acquisition of which is rendered imperative by the necessity laid upon every Swede, with some exceptions, of being confirmed before he can marry, or exercise many of the ordinary rights of manhood, while none are admitted to confirmation who are unable to read and write. The result is that the Swedes are a well-educated people, if the possession of these simple acquirements be taken as the test. The poorest classes again are excluded from the right of voting, which is dependent upon the payment of a small sum of direct taxes. The ballot is universally made use of, alike in the elections for the Riksdag, and for the parish board. In the Riksdag itself, as well as in the Landsting and other governing bodies it is used in the determination of all questions. Even in the appointment of the Standing Committees in the Riksdag, and matters so trifling as the reduction of the salary of the secretary to a Landsting, its use is imperative, except where the decision is given by

acclamation, and acquiesced in. So far as a stranger can form an opinion upon such questions, the government of the country seems to be settled upon a basis, which not merely produces satisfaction in the governed, but is in fact well adapted to the development of its resources, and the security of its well-being.

The administration of justice is anxiously cared for, and in the higher courts its purity seems to be undoubted. The State has set before itself the twofold aim of bringing justice to every man's door, and of doing so in the cheapest manner; in the latter of which objects its success cannot be denied. For judicial purposes Sweden is divided into three provinces; each of which is furnished with a Court of Appeal, as well as numerous Courts of the First Instance. Forty-four Domsagor, or small districts, are subject to the jurisdiction of Svea-Hofrätt, which holds its sittings in Stockholm; forty-three to that of Göta-Hofrätt in Jönköping; while Scania-Hofrätt only comprises fifteen within its bounds. In the Courts of the First Instance a single Håradshöfding or judge sits for the trial of all cases, with no limitation, either as to the amount of the property at stake, or the nature of the lawsuit. Excepting prosecutions under the laws regulating the press, jury-trial is unknown; but its want is made up by the presence of twelve substantial peasants in the country districts, who act as assessors of the Håradshöfding, though vested with but slight authority, since only when unanimous can they over-ride the decision of the judge. These assessors are elected by the inhabitants of the district, and hold their appointment for two years. In towns there are also assessors, and the Burgo-master who is appointed by the crown from a list of three, chosen by the citizens, is chairman of the court. In the absence of lawyers, the assessors are found of some use in preventing the judge from taking a one-sided view of the case, for strange as it may appear, the Swedish law assumes that every man can state his own case, in spite of the adage warning the man, who is his own lawyer, that he has a fool for his client. The profession of a barrister does not exist, and the only resource for a litigant, who is distrustful of his own legal powers, is to give a mandate to some clever friend to speak for him. The duty also is incumbent on the judge to assist by his advice the suitors in the conduct of the case; and in giving judgment he must state the steps which the defeated party may take in order to obtain

its reversal, as well as the time within which he may avail himself of his privilege of appeal. Two other reasons exist, which may explain the fact that such a system does not frequently result in the miscarriage of justice: the one is the general education of the people, and the other is the great simplicity of the Swedish jurisprudence.

The law, which was codified in the end of the last century, is contained, with the subsequent additions and amendments, in a couple of volumes of no great size. To them the peasant may apply his mind, and having found the law applicable to his circumstances, states it to the court. No difficulty is experienced in separating what is repealed from what remains intact, as the industry of Swedish jurists is exercised in the production of new editions of the code, showing the changes introduced in the law. Nor is the litigant driven to extract from the contradictory opinions of learned judges the rule which suits the facts, for precedents have no weight assigned to them. The Swedes, besides, are not litigious, and the questions arising for decision are rarely involved in much intricacy. A very perfect system of land registers, under the immediate supervision of the court, almost excludes that large class of cases which elsewhere arise in regard to its possession; and the commerce of the country has only of late years begun to assume those dimensions which are fruitful in disputed points. Still, the increased number and intricacy of the relations into which persons are brought by the rapid development of modern civilization cannot but prove fatal to a system suited to a more simple state of society. Even as matters stand, people begin to find that the demands made on their time and attention will not allow of their appearance in court. The change has already begun, for in those cases in which a mandatory appears for the party, the court allows him a small fee in the event of success, and in the larger towns men are to be found who make a trade of pleading cases for litigants. They do not, however, occupy any recognized position, nor do they necessarily pass through any legal training. As a rule, they are not regarded with favour from the great number of sharks who are said to be found in their ranks.

From the decisions of the Courts of First Instance, an appeal lies in every case to the appropriate *Hofrätten*, which consists of a president, judges, and legal assessors, the latter of whom are simply

younger judges, with smaller salaries. The Courts of Appeal sit in private for the revival of the judgments complained of, and are divided into sections for the greater despatch of business. The *Göta-Hofrätt* is divided into five sections, each of which consists of two judges and three assessors, and to each section an equal number of appeals is assigned. In some few cases a larger number of judges is required to consider the points raised; but a section, which is in doubt regarding the disposal of an appeal, cannot call in the assistance of the others, though the members may privately get advice from their brother judges. Before these courts, neither the party nor anyone representing him is permitted to appear, and the public are not admitted to their sittings, the whole proceedings at which are kept secret. All the papers in the cases, with the report of the evidence and the judgment of the inferior court, are laid before the appellate judges, who give their decision in writing. The appellant may also put in a written statement of the grounds of his appeal. The expenses of an unsuccessful litigation, where there has been little or no evidence led, sometimes amounts, inclusive of the fee, to the successful party's mandatory, to not more than 18 rix-dollars, or 1*l.* sterling. Law can scarcely be rendered cheaper than this.

From the *Hofrätten*, an appeal lies to the *Högsta Domstol*, a tribunal sitting in Stockholm, the proceedings of which are also private. It consists of twelve members, eight of whom must be present at the decision of important matters, but five or four if unanimous, are sufficient for the settlement of smaller cases. The King has the right of being present at its deliberations, and when present, has two votes in the determination of every question. To this tribunal points regarding the interpretation of the law may be referred by the inferior judges, and the royal votes upon them are to be counted, even when the King is not present in the court during the consideration of them.

The prosecution of criminals is entrusted to a *Justitie Canzler*, or Attorney-General, appointed by the King, who, in his turn, names *Fiscals* to act as his deputies throughout the country. He is also charged with the oversight of the judges, whose deviations from strict rectitude he is bound to notice. This latter duty is also committed by the *Riksdag* to an *Ömbudsman*, whose right of surveillance extends to all the public offices, which he



may enter at pleasure, and his demands for information must be at once complied with. He is entitled to be present at the sittings of all the Courts, though not to take any part in their proceedings. Further, once in three years, the Riksdag nominates a commission to take into consideration the state of the Högsta Domstol, and to report whether any, and if so, what judges ought to retire. No reasons need be alleged; and this mode of dismissal does not infer any turpitude or incapacity on the part of the retiring judges, who become thereupon entitled to pensions.

The Constitution also provides for the erection of a Riks-Rätt, or High Court, for the trial of great public officials accused of malversation or other serious charges. If condemned, they may be pardoned by the King, but not to the effect of being reinstated in their offices.

At the beginning of this century bribery was by no means uncommon, and the imitation of French manners and morality, patronized by the Court during the reign of Gustavus III. had undermined the old Scandinavian virtues, and destroyed much of the public spirit of the nation. The venom of corruption is only expelled with difficulty; and though the character of the higher officials is now untainted, the provisions relating to a former state of things are retained.

The prerogative of mercy rests with the King, who is sometimes advised by the Högsta Domstol in his exercise of it. He may also mitigate the sentence; but the criminal has the option of rejecting the royal clemency, and insisting on the original sentence being carried out. An incident in the reign of Bernadotte affords a curious illustration of the working of this law. Captain Lindenberg, the editor of a newspaper, was refused a license for an additional theatre in Stockholm, which refusal he complained of, as illegal, to the Ombudsman appointed by the States of the Realm, and besides published his complaint in his newspaper. The Government prosecuted him, and strained the law, so as to make it appear a case of constructive treason, proceeding upon some half-forgotten and obsolete statutes. He was convicted and condemned to death; but the public indignation was so intense, that the Ministry felt themselves obliged to advise the King to mitigate the severity of the sentence, which was accordingly commuted to one of imprisonment for a short term of years. Captain Lindenberg, however, in reliance on his legal rights,

refused to accept of the mitigation, and insisted on being executed. To escape from the dilemma, the Government determined to celebrate the anniversary of the Landing of Bernadotte in Sweden, an event up to that date quite neglected, by the proclamation of an amnesty to all political prisoners, under which Lindenberg, the only representative of that class, was set at liberty.

No sketch of the Swedish Constitution would be complete, without some allusion to the place occupied by the Church in its relations to the State which, though not so important as formerly, is still very influential in its official aspect. The country is divided into twelve bishoprics, among which that of Upsala holds the pre-eminence as the seat of an archbishopric, an office conferring upon its holder merely a titular supremacy. The archbishop presides in the Convocation of the clergy, and represents the Church on the occasion of great state ceremonials; in other respects, his position differs in nothing from that of the other bishops. The powers of the bishops in their respective dioceses, though not subject to control from the archbishop, are strictly limited, and the sanction of a consistory is required in all important matters. In order to reconcile the clergy to the loss of influence ensuing from the abolition of the House of the Clergy, a Convocation was instituted for the discussion of purely ecclesiastical questions, and is endowed with the right of vetoing any measure passed by the Riksdag, which may seem to them to be injurious to the Church. The income of the Church is derived partly from Church lands and partly from tithes, the latter of which in Old Sweden amount to an actual tenth of the produce, and are felt as a severe burden on the land; but in Bohuslan and the adjacent provinces, which anciently did not belong to the Swedish Crown, the tithes are lighter. The Government, in the attempt to conciliate the inhabitants of the conquered districts, fixed the tithe, payable by each "hemma" at a comparatively small sum in money, and certain annual dues of milk and butter. The glebes, farmed by the clergy themselves are often large, sometimes extending to several hundred acres, the care of which, of course, materially detracts from the time bestowed on the cure of souls committed to their charge. The patronage to vacant churches lies either with the parishioners, or with the Crown; the latter of which retains the right of nominating the bishops, but generally from a leet

of three recommended by the clergy of the diocese. Since the abolition of the States of the Realm, the Church has been shorn of much of its former power; but as the Government continues to support it, its official influence is still extensive. The clergy lie under no disability so far as the right of election to either Chamber is concerned, and several of them have obtained seats in the Second Chamber, of which Archbishop Sundberg, a man of considerable abilities, and administrative talents,

has been appointed President by the king. Though regarded with much indifference by the mass of the laity, no powerful party is animated by feelings of hostility towards the Church.

Such are the outlines of the civil and ecclesiastical polity of a country, which in former days played so important a part in the affairs of Europe; and whose customs and scenery still surround it with interest, and are every year attracting more and more Englishmen to visit its shores.

WIGS AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. — I was in the year 1834 or 1835 dining in company with the Duke of Wellington at Betshanger in Kent, then the seat of Frederick Morice, Esq., now of Sir Walter James. It was about the time when the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) had first appeared in the House of Lords without his wig, and a smart controversy arising out of the fact was going on. Opposite to the duke at table hung a portrait of an admiral of Queen Anne's time, an ancestor of Mr. Morice, and the finely-painted "Ramilies wig" upon his head caught the duke's attention. He took occasion from this to give, in his terse and decided manner, a complete history of wigs, having evidently mastered the subject in reference to the question of the day. He concluded, to the point, by saying : —

"Louis the 14th had a hump, and no man, not even his valet, ever saw him without his wig. It hung down his back, like the judges' wigs, to hide the hump. But the dauphin, who hadn't a hump, couldn't bear the heat, so he cut it round close to the poll; and the episcopal wig that you are all making such a fuss about is the wig of the most profligate days of the French court."

The mention of the bishop put him in mind of a curious correspondence which had lately passed :

"The Bishop of Lunnun," he said (so pronouncing it in the manner of the last century), was getting up his Church Fund, and wrote to me about it. A few days after I got another letter, as I thought from him, asking leave to go and see my trees at Strath'dsaye. I've got some very fine trees at Strath'dsaye, but couldn't imagine what the bishop could want with 'em till I remembered that he had got a large estate near Harrow belonging to the see, and I supposed he was going to plant. So I wrote him a very polite note : 'My Lord Bishop, you are very welcome to see my trees at Strath'dsaye whenever you do me the honour to call.' I got a very polite note from the bishop : 'My Lord Duke, I write you a letter about churches

(I'd omitted all about the churches) : you write me a letter about trees. Don't exactly see the connection, but suppose it's all right. Shall be thankful for answer to my letter.— Yours, &c.' There's a great gardener who signs his name J. C. Loudon, and the bishop signs C. J. Lunnun, and I had mistaken Loudon for Lunnun. So I set it right by sending my name for the churches."

I have seen the anecdote somewhere in print, but it may have additional interest as related by the duke himself, and I report nearly in his exact words. His manner it is impossible to convey; but the humour of his compressed lip, speaking eye, and condensed utterances will be in the memory of all who ever met or knew him.

HERBERT RANDOLPH.

Ringmore, near Ivybridge, Devon.

Notes and Queries.

THE cultivation of beet-root sugar in France has now risen to an industry of the first importance. It employs more than 400 manufactories, and the process of manufacture is each year brought to a higher state of perfection. There are in France three or four journals specially devoted to subjects connected with the manufacture, its cultivation, its sale, the machinery required, the chemistry of the process, &c.

New creeds make their way in the world by a process of natural selection. Most converts are gained not by the balance of argument, but by a certain harmony, between the creed and their moral and intellectual wants, for which they are themselves unable to account. Therefore we should often measure the probable current of opinion less by its acceptance amongst the most qualified judges than by the charm which it apparently possesses for the average human being.

Saturday Review.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE MAID OF SKER.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A LONG GOOD-BYE.

It is an irksome task for a man who has always stood upon his position, and justified the universal esteem and respect of the neighbourhood, to have to recount his own falling off, and loss of proper station, without being able to render for it any cause or reason, except indeed his own great folly, with fortune too ready to second it. However, as every downfall has a slope which leads towards it, so in my case small downhill led treacherously to the precipice. In the first place, the dog-fish and the sting-rays (which alone came into the nets of our new association) set me swearing very hard; which, of course, was a trifling thing, and must have befallen St. Peter himself, whose character I can well understand. But what was wrong in me was this, that after it went on for a fortnight, and not even a conger turned up, I became proud of my swearing with practice, instead of praying to be forgiven which I always feel done to me, if desired. For my power of words began to please me — which was a bait of the devil, no doubt — as every tide I felt more and more that married life had not deprived me of my gift of language; or, at any rate that widowship had restored my vigour promptly.

After this, being a little exhausted, for two days and two nights I smoked pipes. Not in any mood soever unfit for a Christian; quite the contrary, and quite ready to submit to any discipline; being ordered also to lay by, and expect a sign from heaven. And at this time came several preachers; although I had very little for them, and was grieved to disappoint their remembrance of the ham that my wife used to keep in cut. And in so many words I said that now I was bound to the Church by a contract of a shilling a-week, and if they waited long enough, they might hear the clock strike — something. This, combined with a crab whose substance had relapsed to water, and the sign of nothing in my locker except a pint of peppermint, induced these excellent pastors to go; and if they shook off (as they declared) the dirt of their feet at me, it must have been much to their benefit. This trifle, however, heaped up my grievance, although I thought scorn to think of it; and on the back of it there came another wrong far more serious. Tidings, to

wit, of a wretched warrant being likely to issue against me from that low tyrant Anthony Stew, on a thoroughly lying information by one of his own gamekeepers. It was true enough that I went through his wood, with a couple of sailors from Porthcawl; by no means with any desire to harm, but to see if his game was healthy. Few things occur that exalt the mind more than natural history; and if a man dare not go into a wood, how can he be expected to improve his knowledge? The other men perhaps employed their means to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with the structure and methods of various creatures, going on two legs, or going on four; but as for myself, not so much as a gun did any one see in my hands that day.

At first I thought of standing it out on the strength of all my glory; but knowing what testimony is, when it gets into the mouths of gamekeepers, and feeling my honour concerned, to say nothing of the other fellows (who were off to sea), also cherishing much experience of the way Stew handled me, upon the whole I had half a mind to let the neighbourhood and the county learn to feel the want of me.

Also what Joe Jenkins said perhaps had some effect on me. This was a young fellow of great zeal, newly appointed to Zoar Chapel, instead of the steady Nathaniel Edwards, who had been caught sheep-stealing; and inasmuch as the chapel stood at the western end of the village, next door to the "Welcome to Town, my Lads," all the maids of Newton ran mightily to his doctrine. For he happened to be a smart young fellow, and it was largely put abroad that an uncle of his had a butter-shop, without any children, and bringing in four pounds a-week, at Chepstow.

There is scarcely a day of my life on which I do not receive a lesson: and the difference betwixt me and a fool is that I receive, and he scorns it. And a finer lesson I have rarely had than for letting Joe Jenkins into my well-conducted cottage, for no better reason than that the "Welcome to Town" was out of beer. I ought to have known much better, of course, with a fellow too young to shave himself, and myself a good hearty despiser of schism, and above all having such a fine connection with the Church of England. But that fellow had such a tongue — they said it must have come out of the butter. I gave him a glass of my choicest rum, when all he deserved was a larruping. And I nearly lost the church-clock through it.

When I heard of this serious consequence,

I began to call to mind, too late, what the chaplain of the Spitfire—32-gun razy—always used to say to us; and a finer fellow to stand to his guns, whenever it came to close quarters, I never saw before or since. "Go down, parson, go down," we said; "sir, this is no place for your cloth." "Sneaking schismatics may skulk," he answered, with the powder-mop in his hand; for we had impressed a Methody, who bolted below at exceeding long range; "but if my cloth is out of its place, I'll fight the devil naked." This won over to the side of the Church every man of our crew that was gifted with any perception of reasoning.

However, I never shall get on if I tell all the fine things I have seen. Only I must set forth how I came to disgrace myself so deeply that I could not hope for years and years to enjoy the luxury of despising so much as a lighterman again. The folk of our parish could hardly believe it; and were it to be done in any way consistent with my story, I would not put it on paper now. But here it is. Make the worst of it. You will find me redeem it afterwards. The famous David Llewellyn, of His Majesty's Royal Navy, took a berth in a trading-schooner, called the "Rose of Devon!"

After such a fall as this, if I happen to speak below my mark, or not describe the gentry well, everybody must excuse me: for I went so low in my own esteem, that I could not have knocked even Anthony Stew's under-keeper down! I was making notes, here and there, already, concerning the matters at Sker House, and the delicate sayings of Bardie, not with any view to a story perfect and clear as this is, but for my own satisfaction in case of anything worth going on with. And but for this fore-thought, you could not have learned both her sayings and doings so bright as above. And now being taken away from it, I tried to find some one with wit enough to carry it on in my absence. In a populous neighbourhood this might have been; but the only man near us who had the conceit to try to carry it on a bit, fell into such a condition of mind that his own wife did not know him. But in spite of the open state of his head, he held on very stoutly, trying to keep himself up to the mark with ale, and even hollands; until it pleased God that his second child should fall into the chicken-pox; and then all the neighbours spoke up so much—on account of his being a tailor—that it came to one thing or the other. Either he must give up his trade, and let his apprentice have it—to think of which was

worse than gall and wormwood to his wife—or else he must give up all meddling with pen and ink and the patterns of chicken-pox. How could he hesitate, when he knew that the very worst tailor can make in a day as much as the best writer can in a month?

Upon the whole I was pleased with this; for I never could bear that rogue of a snip, any more than he could put up with me for making my own clothes and Bunny's. I challenged him once on a button-hole, for I was his master without a thimble. And for this ninth part of a man to think of taking up my pen!

The name of our schooner, or rather ketch—for she was no more than that (to tell the truth), though I wished her to be called a "schooner"—was, as I said, the "Rose of Devon," and the name of her captain was "Fuzzy." Not a bad man, I do believe, but one who almost drove me wicked, because I never could make him out. A tender and compassionate interest in the affairs of everybody, whom it pleases Providence that we should even hear of, has been (since our ancestors baffled the Flood, without consulting Noah) one of the most distinct and noblest national traits of Welshmen. Pious also; for if the Lord had not meant us to inquire, He never would have sent us all those fellow-creatures to arouse unallayed disquietude. But this man "Fuzzy," as every one called him, although his true name was "Bethel Jose," seemed to be sent from Devonshire for the mere purpose of distracting us. Concerning the other two "stone-captains" (as we called those skippers who come for limestone, and steal it from Colonel Longher's rocks), we knew as much as would keep us going whenever their names were mentioned; but as to Fuzzy, though this was the third year of his trading over, there was not a woman in Newton who knew whether he had a wife or not! And the public eagerness over this subject grew as the question deepened; until there were seven of our best young women ready to marry him, at risk of bigamy, to find out the matter and to make it known.

Therefore, of course, he rose more and more in public esteem, voyage after voyage; and I became jealous, perhaps, of his fame, and resolved to expose its hollow basis, as compared with that of mine. Accordingly, when it came to pass that my glory, though still in its prime, was imperilled by that Irish Stew's proceedings—for he must have been Irish by origin—having my choice (as a matter of

course) among the three stone-captains, I chose that very hard stone to crack; and every one all through the village rejoiced, though bitterly grieved to lose me, and dreading the price there would be for fish, with that extortionate Sandy Macraw left alone to create a monopoly. There was not a man in all Newton that feared to lay half-a-crown to a sixpence that I brought back the whole of old Fuzzy's concerns: but the women, having tried Skipper Jose with everything they could think of, and not understanding the odds of betting, were ready to lay a crooked sixpence on Fuzzy, whenever they had one.

To begin with, he caught me on the hop; at a moment of rumours and serious warnings, and thoroughly pure indignation on my part. At the moment, I said (and he made me sign) that I was prepared to ship with him. After which he held me fast, and frightened me with the land-crabs, and gave me no chance to get out of his jaws. I tried to make him laugh with some of the many jokes and stories, which everybody knows of mine, and likes them for long acquaintance' sake. However, not one of them moved him so much as to fetch one squirt of tobacco-juice. This alone enabled him to take a strong lead over me. Every time that he was bound to laugh, according to human nature, and yet had neither a wag in his nose, nor a pucker upon his countenance, nor even so much as a gleam in his eye, so many times I felt in my heart that this man was the wise man, and that laughter is a folly. And I had to bottle down the laughs (which always rise inside of me, whenever my joke has the cream on it) until I could find some other fellow fit to understand me; because I knew that my jokes were good.

When I found no means of backing out from that degrading contract, my very first thought was to do strict justice to our association, and atone for the loss of my services to it. Therefore, in case of anything undesirable befalling me—in short, if I should be ordered aloft with no leave to come down again—there I made my will, and left my property to establish credit, for a new start among them. Chairs and tables, knives and forks, iron spoons, brought into the family by my wife's grandfather, several pairs of duds of my own, and sundry poles, as before described, also nets to a good extent—though some had gone under usury—bait-kettles, I forget how many, and even my character in a silk bag; item, a great many sundry things of almost equal value;

the whole of which I bravely put into my will, and left them. And knowing that the proper thing is to subscribe a codicil, therein I placed a set of delf, and after that my blessing. Eighteenpence I was compelled to pay for this pious document to a man who had been turned out of the law because he charged too little. And a better shilling-and-sixpence worth of sense, with heads and tails to it, his lordship the Bishop of Llandaff will own that he never set seal upon; unless I make another one. Only I felt it just to leave my boat entire to Bardie.

Having done my duty thus, I found a bracing strength upon me to go through with everything. No man should know how much I felt my violent degradation from being captain of a gun, to have to tread mercantile boards! Things have changed since then so much, through the parsimony of Government, that our very best sailors now tail off into the Merchant service. But it was not so, when I was young; and even when I was turned of fifty, we despised the traders. Even the largest of their vessels, of four or as much as five hundred tons, we royal tars regarded always as so many dust-bins with three of the clothes-props hoisted. And now, as I looked in the glass, I beheld no more than the mate of a fifty-ton ketch, for a thirty-mile voyage out of Newton bay!

However, I had lived long enough then to be taught one simple thing. Whatever happens, one may desery (merely by using manly aspect) dawning glimpses of that light which the will of God intended to be joy for all of us; but so scattered now and vapoured by our own misdoings, still it will come home some time, and then we call it "comfort."

Accordingly, though so deeply fallen in my own regard, I did not find that people thought so very much the less of me. Nay, some of them even drove me wild, by talking of my "rise in life," as if I had been a pure nobody! But on the whole we learned my value, when I was going away from us. For all the village was stirred up with desire to see the last of me. My well-known narratives at the well would be missed all through the autumn; and those who had dared to call them "lies," were the foremost to feel the lack of them. Especially the children cried "Old Davy going to be drowned! No more stories at the well!" Until I vowed to be back almost before they could fill their pitchers.

These things having proved to me, in



spite of inordinate modesty, that I had a certain value, I made the very best of it; and let everybody know how much I wished to say "Good-bye" to them, although so short of money. From "Felix Farley" I had received no less than seven-and-tenpence — for saving the drowned black people — under initials "D. L." at the office; accruing to a great extent from domestic female servants. Some of these craved my capd opinion as to accepting the humble addresses of coloured gentlemen in good livery, and whether it made so much difference. And now I thought that Newton might have a mark of esteem prepared for me.

But though they failed to think of that — purely from want of experience — everything else was done that could be done for a man who had no money, by his neighbours who had less; and sixpence never entered twice into the thoughts of any one. Richard Matthews, the pilot, promised to mind the church clock for me, without even handling my salary. As for Bunny, glorification is the shortest word I know. A young man, who had never paid his bill, put her into two-inch ribbon from the Baptist preacher's shop. Also a pair of shoes upon her, which had right and left to them, although not marked by nature. And upon the front of her bosom, lace that made me think of smuggling; and such as that young man never could have expected to get booked to him, if he had felt himself to be more than a month converted.

Moreover, instead of Mother Jones (who was very well in her way, to be sure), the foremost folk in all the village, and even Master Charles Morgan himself, carpenter and churchwarden, were beginning to vie one with the other, in desire to entertain her, without any word of her five-pound note. In short, many kind things were said and done; enough to make any unashful man desire to represent them. But I, for my part, was quite overcome, and delivered my speech with such power of doubt concerning my own worthiness, that they had to send back to the inn three times, before they could properly say "Good-bye."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### BRAUNTON BURROWS.

The weather was still as fair as could be, with a light wind from the east-north-east; and as our course lay west by south, and the ebb was running, we slipped along at the rate of six or seven knots an hour,

though heavily laden with the Colonel's rocks; and after rounding Porthcawl Point we came abreast of the old Sker House a little after sunset. Skipper Jose would never have ventured inside the Sker-weather, only that I held the tiller, and knew every vein of sand and rock. And I kept so close in-shore, because one of the things that vexed me most in all this sudden departure, was to run away without proper ceremony from Bardie. She was certain to feel it much, and too young to perceive the necessity; and fried pudding had been promised her at my table come the very next Sunday.

The windows of the old grey mansion gleamed in the fading western light, but we descried no smoke or movement, neither any life or variance, only a dreary pile of loneliness in the middle of yellow sands. Then I rigged out my perspective glass, and levelled it on the cuddy chimney — for the ketch was a half-decker — to spy if the little one might so chance to be making her solitary play, as she was used to do all day, and most of all ere bedtime. And if she should so happen, I knew how wild her delight would be to discover a vessel so near the shore; because whenever a sail went by, even at two or three leagues of distance, there was no containing her. Out she would rush with her face on fire, and curly hair all jogging, and up would go two little hands, spread to the sky and the vast wide sea. "Mammy dear, I 'ants 'a so. Dear papa, I has yaited so yong. Ickle bother, such a lot of things Bardie's dot to tell 'a." And thus she would run on the brink of the waves with hope and sadness fluctuating on her unformed countenance, until the sail became a speck. However, now I saw no token of this little rover, unless it were some washed clothes flapping on the rushen tufts to dry; and Jose called me back to my spell at the helm before I had finished gazing. And in less than half an hour the landmark of the ancient house was fading in the dew-fog.

Our ship's company amounted to no less than four, all hands told — viz., Captain Bethel Jose, *alias* Fuzzy; Isaac Hutchings, the mate; my humble self (who found it my duty to supersede Ikey and appoint myself); and a boy of general incapacity, and of the name of "Bang."

Making fine weather as we did, and with myself at the helm all night, and taking command (as my skill required), we slanted across Channel very sweetly; and when the grey of morning broke, Lundy

Isle was on our lee-bow. Hereupon I gave the helm to old Ike, for beyond this was unknown to me, and Providence had never led me over Barnstaple bar as yet. So I tumbled in, and turned up no more until we were close on the bar itself, about ten o'clock of the forenoon. This is a thoroughly dangerous place, a meeting of treacherous winds and waters, in amongst uncertain shoaling, and would be worse than our Sker-weathers if it lay open to south-west gales. We waited for the tide, and then slipped over very cleverly, with Hartland Point on our starboard beam; and presently we found ourselves in a fine broad open water, with plenty of grey stretch going along it, and green hills tufting away from it. Everything looked so mild and handsome, that I wondered whether these men of Devonshire might not be such fools for bragging after all, when tested.

Because, when I found no means to escape this degrading voyage to Devonshire, I had said to myself that at any rate it would enable me to peg down those people for the future. Not that they boasted, so to speak, but that they held their tongues at our boasts; as much as to say, "You may talk if you please; it does you good; and our land is such that we never need contradict you."

But now when I saw these ins and outs, and ups and downs, and cornering places, and the wrinkles of the valleys, and the cheeks of the very rocks, set with green as bright and lively (after a burning summer) as our own country can show in May, I began to think — though I would not say it, through patriotic unwillingness — that the people who lived in such land as this could well afford to hold their tongues, and hearken our talk with pleasure.

Captain Fuzzy said no word, to show that he was home again; neither did he care to ask my opinion about the look of it. And old Ike treating me likewise, though he ought to have known much better, there I found myself compelled by my natural desire to know all about my fellow-creatures, to carry on what must have been a most highly flattering patronage towards the boy who did our slop-work, and whose name was "Bang," because everybody banged him.

This boy, forgetting the respect which is due to the mate of a ship of commerce — for I now assumed that position legally, over the head of old Ike, who acknowledged my rank when announced to him — this ignorant boy had the inso-

lence to give me a clumsy nudge, and inquire —

"Du 'e know thickey peart over yan-ner? Them down-lasses, and them zandy backs?"

"My boy," I replied, "I have not the honour of knowing anything about them. Very likely you think a good deal of them."

"Whai, thee must be a born vule. Them be Braunton Burrusses!"

"Be them indeed? Take this, my boy, for such valuable information." And I gave him a cuff of an earnest nature, such as he rarely obtained, perhaps, and well calculated to be of timely service to him. He howled a good bit, and attempted to kick; whereupon I raised him from his natural level, and made his head acquainted with the nature of the foremast, preserving my temper quite admirably, but bearing in mind the great importance of impressing discipline at an early age. And I reaped a well-deserved reward in his life-long gratitude and respect.

While Bang went below to complete his weeping, and to find some plaster, I began to take accurate observation of these Braunton Burrows, of which I had often heard before from the Devonshire men, who frequent our coast for the purpose of stealing coal or limestone. An up-and-down sort of a place it appeared, as I made it out with my spy-glass; and I could not perceive that it beat our sands, as those good people declared of it. Only I noticed that these sand-hills were of a different hue from ours. Not so bare and yellow-faced, not so swept by western winds, neither with their tops thrown up like the peak of a new volcano. Rushes, spurge, and goose-foot grasses, and the rib-leaved iris, and in hollow places cat's mint, loose-strife, and low eye-bright — these and a thousand other plants seemed to hold the flaky surface so as not to fly like ours. Ike broke silence, which to him was worse than breaking his own windows, and said that all for leagues around was full of giants and great spectres. Moreover, that all of it long had been found an unkind and unholy place, bad for a man to walk in, and swarming with great creatures, striped the contrary way to all good-luck, and having eight legs every side, and a great horn crawling after them. And their food all night was known to be travellers' skulls and sailors' bones. Having seen a good deal of land-crabs, I scarcely dared to deny the story, and yet I could hardly make it out. Therefore, without giving vent to opinions of

things which might turn out otherwise, I levelled my spy-glass again at the region of which I had heard such a strange account. And suddenly here I beheld a man of no common appearance wandering in and out the hollows, as if he never meant to stop; a tall man with a long grey beard, and wearing a cocked-hat like a colonel. There was something about him that startled me, and drew my whole attention. Therefore, with my perspective glass not long ago cleaned, and set ship-shape by a man who understood the bearings—after that rogue of a Hezekiah had done his best to spoil it—with this honest magnifier (the only one that tells no lies) I carefully followed up and down the figure, some three cables-lengths away, of this strange walker among the sand-hills. We were in smooth water now, gliding gently up the river, with the mainsail paying over just enough for steerage-way; and so I got my level truly, and could follow every step.

It was a fine old-fashioned man, tall and very upright, with a broad ribbon upon his breast, and something of metal shining; and his Hessian boots flashed now and then as he passed along with a stately stride. His beard was like a streak of silver, and his forehead broad and white; but all the rest of his face was dark, as if from foreign service. His dress seemed to be of a rich black velvet, very choice and costly, and a long sword hung at his side, although so many gentlemen now have ceased to carry even a rapier. I like to see them carry their swords—it shows that they can command themselves; but what touched me most with feeling was his manner of going on. He seemed to be searching, ever searching, up the hills and down the hollows, through the troughs and on the breastlands, in the shadow and the sunlight, seeking for some precious loss.

After watching this figure some little time, it was natural that I should grow desirous to know something more about him; especially as I obtained an idea, in spite of the distance and different dress, that I had seen some one like this gentleman not such a very long time ago. But I could not recall to my mind who it was that was hovering on the skirts of it; therefore I looked around for help. Ike Hutchings, my under-mate, was at the tiller, but I durst not lend him my glass, because he knew not one end from the other; so I shouted aloud for Captain Jose, and begged him to take a good look, and tell me everything that he knew or thought.

He just set his eye, and then shut up the glass, and handed it to me without a word and walked off, as if I were nobody! This vexed me, so that I holloaed out: "Are all of you gone downright mad on this side of the Channel? Can't a man ask a civil question, and get a civil answer?"

"When he axeth what consarneth him," was the only answer Captain Fuzzy vouchsafed me over his shoulder.

I could not find it worth my while to quarrel with this ignorant man for the sake of a foolish word or two, considering how morose he was, and kept the keys of everything. For the moment, I could not help regretting my wholesome chastisement of the boy Bang; for he would have told me at least all he knew, if I could have taught him to take a good look. And as for Ike, when I went and tried him, whether it was that he failed of my meaning or that he chose to pretend to do so (on account of my having deposed him), or that he truly knew nothing at all—at any rate, I got nothing from him. This was, indeed, a heavy trial. It is acknowledged that we have such hearts, and strength of goodwill to the universe, and power of entering into things, that not a Welshman of us is there but yearns to know all that can be said about every one he has ever seen, or heard, or even thought of. And this kind will, instead of being at all repressed by discouragement, increases tenfold in proportion as others manifest any unkind desire to keep themselves out of the way of it. My certy, no low curiosity is this, but lofty sympathy.

My grandfather nine-generations back, Yorath the celebrated bard, begins perhaps his most immortal ode to a gentleman who had given him a quart of beer with this noble moral precept: "Lift up your eyes to the castle gates, and behold on how small a hinge they move! The iron is an inch and a quarter thick, the gates are an hundred and fifty feet wide!" And though the gates of my history are not quite so wide as that, they often move on a hinge even less than an inch and a quarter in thickness; though I must not be too sure, of course, as to the substance of Bang's head. However, allow even two inches for it, and it seems but a very trifling matter to tell as it did upon great adventures. The boy was as sound as a boy need be in a couple of hours afterwards, except that he had, or pretended to have, a kind of a buzzing in one ear; and I found him so grateful for my correction, that I could not bear to urge his head with inquiries for the moment.

To Captain Fuzzy I said no more. If he could not see the advantage of attending to his own business, but must needs go out of his way to administer public reproof to me, I could only be sorry for him. To Ikey, however, I put some questions of a general tendency; but from his barbarous broken English—if this jargon could be called English at all—the only thing I could gather was, that none but true Devonshire folk had a right to ask about Devonshire families. This might be true to a certain extent, though I never have seen such a law laid down. The answer, however, is perfectly simple. If these people carry on in a manner that cannot fail to draw public attention, they attack us at once on our tenderest point, and tenfold so if they are our betters; for what man of common-sense could admit the idea of anybody setting up to be nobody? Therefore I felt myself quite ready to give a week's pay and victuals, in that state of life to which God alone could have seen fit to call me—as mate of that Devonshire ketch, or hoy, or tub, or whatever it might be—four shillings and a bag of suet-dumplings, twice a-day, I would have given, to understand upon the spot all about that elderly gentleman.

It helped me very little, indeed, that I kept on saying to myself, "This matters not; 'tis a few hours only. The moment we get to Barnstable, I shall find some women;—the women can never help telling everything, and for the most part ten times that. Only contradict them bravely, and they have no silence left." However, it helped me not a little when Captain Fuzzy, with a duck of his head, tumbled up from the cuddy, brimful, as we saw, of the dinner-time. A man of my experience, who has lived for six weeks on the horns of sea-snails, which the officers found too hard for them, that time we were wrecked in the Palamede—what can a man of this kind feel when a trumpety coaster dares to pipe all hands to dinner?

However, it so happened for the moment that what I felt was appetite; and Fuzzy, who was a first-rate cook, and knew seasoning without counting, had brought an iron ladle up, so as to save his words, and yet to give us some idea. Soup it was of a sort, that set us thinking of all the meat under it. I blew upon it, and tasted a drop, and found that other people's business would keep till at least after dinner. In the midst of dinner we came to the meeting of two fine rivers, called Tawe and Torridge, and with the tide still making strong we slanted up the former. The

channel was given to twists and turns, but the fine open valley made up for it, and the wealth of land on either side, sloping with green meadows gently, and winding in and out with trees. Here were cattle, as red as chestnuts, running about with tails like spankers, such as I never saw before; but Ikey gave me to understand that the colour of the earth was the cause of it, and that if I lived long upon corned beef made of them (whose quality no other land could create), I should be turned to that hue myself. At this I laughed, as a sailor's yarn; but after regarding him steadfastly, and then gazing again at the bullocks, I thought there might be some truth in it.

One thing I will say of these sons of Devon: rough they may be, and short of grain, and fond of their own opinions, and not well up in points of law—which is our very nature—queer, moreover, in thought and word, and obstinate as hedgehogs,—yet they show, and truly have, a kind desire to feed one well. Money they have no great love of spending round the corner, neither will they go surety freely for any man who is free to run; but "vittels," as they call them, "vittles!"—before you have been in a house two minutes out come these, and eat you must! Happily, upon this point I was able to afford them large and increasing satisfaction, having rarely enjoyed so fine a means of pleasing myself and others also. For the things are good, and the people too; and it takes a bad man to gainsay either.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### A FINE SPECTACLE.

WE brought the Rose of Devon to her moorings on the south side of the river, about two miles short of Barnstable, where a little bend and creek is, and a place for barges, and "Deadman's Pill" was the name of it. What could a dead man want with a pill, was the very first thing I asked them; but they said that was no concern of theirs; there were pills up and down the river for miles, as well as a town called Pill-town. The cleverest man that I came across said that it must be by reason of piles driven in where the corners were to prevent the washing, and he showed me some piles, or their stumps, to prove it, and defied all further argument. For the time I was beaten, until of a sudden, and too late to let him know, I saw like a stupid that it must be no other than our own word "Pwyl," which differs much from an English "pool," because it may be either

dry or wet, so long as it lies in a hollow. And with that I fell a-thinking of poor Bardie and Pwyl Tavan. To be quit of remorse, and to see the world, I accepted old Ikey's invitation to Barnstable fair for the very next day. We could not begin to discharge our limestone, as even that obstinate Fuzzy confessed, upon a sacred day like that. Fuzzy himself had a mind for going, as we half suspected, although he held his tongue about it; and my under-mate told me to let him alone, and see what would come of it.

The town is a pleasant and pretty one, and has always been famous for thinking itself more noble than any other; also the fair was a fine thing to see, full of people, and full of noise, and most outrageous dialect; everybody in fine broad humour, and no fighting worth even looking at. This disappointed me; for in Wales we consider the off-day market a poor one, unless at least some of the women pull caps. I tried, however, not to miss it, having seen in foreign countries people meeting peaceably. Of this I could have had no intention to complain to poor Ikey Hutchings. However, he took it as if I had, and offered to find me a man from Bratton, or himself, to have a square with me, and stake half-a-crown upon it. He must have found early cause for repentance, if I had taken him at his word; but every one would have cried shame upon me against such a poor little fellow. And so we pushed on, and the people pushed us.

After a little more of this, and Ikey bragging all the time, though I saw nothing very wonderful, we turned the corner of a narrow street, and opened into a broader one. Here there seemed to be no bullocks, such as had made us keep springs on our cables, but a very amazing lot of horses, trotting about, and parading, and rushing, most of them with their tails uphoisted, as if by discharging tackle. Among them stood men, making much of their virtues, and sinking their faults (if they had any), and cracking a whip every now and then, with a style of applause toward them.

Now I have a natural love of the horse, though I never served long on board of one; and I regularly feel, at sight of them, a desire to mount the rigging. Many a time I have reasoned to my own conviction and my neighbours', that a man who can stand on the mizzen-top-gallant yard in a heavy gale of wind, must find it a ridiculously easy thing to hold on by a horse with the tackle to help him, and

very likely a dead calm all round. Nevertheless, somehow or other, the result seems always otherwise.

I had just hailed a man with a colt to show off, and commodore's pendants all over his tail, and was keeping clear of his counter to catch the rise of the wave for boarding him, when a hush came over all hands as if the street had been raked with chain-shot. And on both sides of the street all people fell back and backed their horses, so that all the roadway stood as clear as if the fair had turned into a Sunday morning.

Up the centre, and heeding the people no more than they would two rows of trees, came two grave gentlemen, daintily walking arm in arm, and dressed in black. They had broad-flapped hats, long coats of broadcloth, black silk tunics, and buckled breeches, and black polished boots reaching up to the buckles.

Meanwhile, all the people stood huddled together upon the pitched stones on either side, touching their hats, and scarce whispering, and even the showing off of the horses went into the side-streets.

After all the bowing and legging that I had beheld in the Royal Navy, the double file, the noble salutes, the manning of the sides and yards, the drums, the oars all upon the catch, and all the other glorious things that fit us to thrash the Frenchmen so, there was nothing else left for me to suppose but that here were two mighty admirals, gone into mourning very likely for the loss of the Royal George, or come on the sly perhaps to enjoy the rollicking of the fair, and sinking the uniform for variety. How could I tell, and least of all would I think of interfering with the pleasure of my betters; therefore I stopped in my throat the cheer (which naturally seemed to rise the moment I took my hat off), for fear of letting the common people know that I understood their Honours. But after looking again so long as one might without being inquisitive, I saw that neither of these great men could walk the deck in a rolling sea.

I had been so bold in the thick of the horses that Ikey had found it too much for him always to keep close to me; but now, as the nearest horse must have drifted the length of two jolly-boats away, this little sailor came up and spoke.

"Can 'e show the laikes of they two, in Taffy-land, old Taffy now?"

"Plenty, I should hope," said I (though proud in the end to say "not one"); "but what a fuss you make! Who are they?"



"As if thee didn't know!" cried Ikey, staring with indignation at me.

"How should I know when I never clapped eyes on either of them till this moment?"

"Thou hast crossed the water for something then, Davy. Them be the two Passons!"

"Two Passons!" I could not say it exactly as he sounded it. "I never heard of two Passons."

"'A wants to draive me mad, 'a dooth," said Ikey, in self-commune: "Did 'e never hear tell of Passon Chowne, and Passon Jack, man alive now?"

It was hopeless to try any more with him, for I could not ding into his stupid head the possibility of such ignorance. He could only believe that I feigned it for the purpose of driving him out of his senses, or making little of his native land. So I felt that the best thing I could do was to look at these two great gentlemen accurately and impartially, and thus form my own opinion. Hence there was prospect of further pleasure, in coming to know more about them.

Verily they were goodly men, so far as the outer frame goes; the one for size, and strength, and stature — and the other for face, form, and quickness. I felt as surely as men do feel, who have dealed much among other men, that I was gazing upon two faces not of the common order. And they walked as if they knew themselves to be ever so far from the average. Not so much with pride, or conceit, or any sort of arrogance, but with a manner of going distinct from the going of fellow-creatures. Whether this may have been so, because they were both going straight to the devil, is a question that never crossed my mind, until I knew more about them. For our parsons in Wales, take them all in all, can hardly be called gentlemen; except, of course, our own, who was Colonel Lougher's brother, also the one at Merthyr Mawr, and St. Brides, and one or two other places where they were customers of mine; but most of the rest were small farmers' sons, or shopkeepers' boys, and so on. These may do very well for a parish, or even a congregation that never sees a gentleman (except when they are summoned — and not always then); however, this sort will not do for a man who has served, ay, and been in battle, under two baronets and an earl.

Therefore I looked with some misgiving at these two great parsons; but it did not take me long to perceive that each of them was of good birth at least, whatever his

manners afterwards, — men who must feel themselves out of their rank when buttoned into a pulpit for reasoning with Devonshire plough-tail Bobs, if indeed they ever did so; and as for their flocks, they kept dogs enough at any rate to look after them. For they both kept hounds; and both served their Churches in true hunting fashion — that is to say, with a steeplechase, taking the country at full gallop over hedges and ditches, and stabling the horse in the vestry. All this I did not know as yet, or I must have thought even more than I did concerning those two gentlemen. The taller of the two was as fair and ruddy; and as free of countenance, as a June rose in the sunshine; a man of commanding build and figure, but with no other command about him, and least of all, that of his own self. The other it was that took my gaze, and held it, having caught mine eyes, until I forgot myself, and dropped them under some superior strength. For the time, I knew not how I felt, or what it was that vanquished me; only that my spirit owned this man's to be its master. Whether from excess of goodness, or from depth of desperate evil, at the time I knew not.

It was the most wondrous unfathomable face that ever fellow-man fixed gaze upon; lost to mankindliness, lost to mercy, lost to all memory of God. As handsome a face as need be seen, with a very strong forehead and coal-black eyes, a straight white nose, and a sharp-cut mouth, and the chin like a marble sculpture. Disdain was the first thing it gave one to think of; and after that, cold relentness humour; and after that, anything dark and bad.

Meanwhile this was a very handsome man, as women reckon beauty; and his age not over forty, perhaps; also of good average stature, active and elegant form, and so on. Neither years nor cubits make much odds to a man of that sort; and the ladies pronounce him perfect.

When these two were gone by, I was able to gaze again at the taller one. Truly a goodly man he was, though spared from being a good one. He seemed to stand over me, like Sir Philip; although I was measured for six feet and one inch, before I got into rheumatic ways. And as for size and compass, my parents never could give me food to fetch out my girth, as this parson's was. He looked a good yard and a half round the chest, and his arms were like oak-saplings. However, he proved to be a man void of some pride and some evil desires, unless anybody bore hard on him; and as for reading the col-

lects, or lessons, or even the burial service, I was told that no man in the British realm was fit to say "Amen" to him. This had something to do with the size of his chest, and perhaps might have helped to increase it. His sermons also were done in a style that women would come many miles to enjoy; beginning very soft and sweet, so as to melt the milder ones; and then of a sudden roaring greatly with all the contents of enormous lungs, so as to ring all round the sides of the strongest weaker vessels. And as for the men, what could they think, when the preacher could drub any six of them?

This was "Parson Jack," if you please, his surname being "Rambone," as I need not say, unless I write for unborn generations. His business in Boutport Street that day was to see if any man would challenge him. He had held the belt seven years, they said, for wrestling, as well as for bruising; the condition whereof was to walk the street both at Barnstaple fair and at Bodmin revels, and watch whether any man laid foot across him.

This he did purely as a layman might. But the boxing and bruising were part of his office, so that he hung up his cassock always for a challenge to make rent in it. There had been some talk of a Cornishman interfering about the wrestling; and bad people hoped that he might so attempt, and never know the way home again; but as for the fighting, the cassock might hang till the beard of Parson Jack was grey, before any one made a hole in it. Also the Cornish wrestler found, after looking at Parson Jack, that the wisest plan before him was to challenge the other Cornishmen, and leave the belt in Devonshire.

All this I found out at a little gathering which was held round the corner, in Bear Street, to reflect upon the business done at the fair, and compare opinions. And although I had never beheld till then any of our good company, neither expected to see them again, there were no two opinions about my being the most agreeable man in the room. I showed them how to make punch to begin with, as had been done by his Royal Highness, with me to declare proportions; and as many of the farmers had turned some money, they bade me think twice about no ingredient that would figure on the bill, even half-a-crown.

By right of superior knowledge, and also as principal guest of the evening, I became voted the chairman, upon the clear understanding that I would do them

the honour of paying nothing; and therein I found not a man that would think of evading his duty towards the chair. I entreated them all to be frank, and regard me as if I were born in Barnstaple, which they might look upon as being done otherwise, as the mere turn of a shaving; for my father had been there twice, and my mother more than once thought of trying it. Everybody saw the force of this; and after a very fine supper we grew as genial as could be. And leading them all with a delicate knowledge of the ins and outs of these natives (many of which I had learned at the fair), and especially by encouraging their bent for contradiction, I heard a good deal of the leading people in the town or out of it. I listened, of course, to a very great deal, which might be of use to me or might not; but my object was, when I could gather in their many-elbowed stories, to be thoroughly up to the mark on three points.

First, about Fuzzy, and most important. Who was he? What was he? Where did he live? Had he got a wife? And if so, why? And if not, more especially, why again? Also, how much money had he, and what in the world did he do with it; and could he have, under the rose, any reason for keeping our women so distant? Particularly, I had orders to know whether he was considered handsome by the Devonshire women. For our women could not make up their minds, and feared to give way to the high opinion engendered by his contempt of them. Only they liked his general hairiness if it could be warranted not to come off.

Upon this point I learned nothing at all. No man even knew Bethel Jose, or, at any rate, none would own to it, perhaps because Ikey was there to hearken; so I left that until I should get with the women. My next matter was about Brauntown Burrows, and the gentleman of high rank who wandered up and down without telling us why. And I might hereupon have won some knowledge, and was beginning to do so, when a square stout man came in and said, "Hush!" and I would gladly have thrown a jug at him. Nevertheless I did learn something which I mean to tell next to directly.

But as concerned the third question before me (and to myself the most itching of any), satisfaction, to at least half-measure, was by proper skill and fortune brought within my reach almost. And this I must set down at leisure, soberly thinking over it.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE STORY OF THE HOSTAGES.

THE "Story of the Hostages," of their sufferings and death, is a chapter in the history of the Commune that has not yet been told. In England we have had only a few glimpses of the terrible scenes that attended the end of these noble and resigned men. The story is besides intensely dramatic; and if it shows that a picture of the Commune and its doings would not be unworthy of Mr Carlyle's *Salvator Rosa*-like pencil, the same reason proves abundantly that the Commune movement is barbarous and brutal enough to form a chapter in the old French Revolution of 1793. All the bloodthirsty and fiendish incidents have been faithfully reproduced, and, happily, also the heroic virtues of patience and courage by which those atrocities were encountered.

In many a window along the Boulevards are to be seen little terra cotta busts, done with singular spirit and skill; and the print shop windows exhibit whole lines of ecclesiastical portraits, an unaccustomed spectacle in Paris, where they usurp the place of notorious demireps. These are likenesses of those who are rather melodramatically labelled "*victimes*;" in short, are dismal reminders of that piteous story of the innocent hostages, whose mournful fate, from the number of surrounding atrocities, has scarcely excited the sympathy and horror it merits. In the grotesque and hideous pantomime of the Commune, this episode alone has a pathetic dignity, and the figures of the innocent stand out against the flaming background of burning Paris. Their story has not yet been told consecutively, and we shall now attempt to follow it out.

It is only by turning over the newspapers, pamphlets, caricatures, and photographs of this strange era, that we can get even a conception of the extraordinary state of things that prevailed during those nine weeks from March the 18th to May the 24th. The members of the Commune themselves, with their theatrical dignities of generals, colonels, delegates, ministers of finance, installed at the great Government Offices — where they held orgies — together with their wild, half-dressed, half-drilled soldiers, seem to be figures out of Callot's or Goya's pictures. Some, during these days of whirl and delirium, could not resist being photographed in their green-room finery, in comic military dresses, and girt about with sashes. Their faces, too, corresponded. Some had a perfect circus air, others a shaggy, *sans culotte*

bearing, while others, again, were of a bearded, burly type, such as we sometimes find among French physicians. But there were two who had a special and direct connection with the tragedy we are about to describe — namely, Ferré and Raoul Rigault. Both these men were, curious to say, of the same type; each with a dark beard and moustache, and each wearing those French "pinch-nose" glasses, which imparted a "mince" and dandified air, in grotesque contrast to the ferocious character of their creed.

Both were very young. Ferré was but five-and-twenty, and Raoul Rigault only a little older. Again the behaviour of these men — their taste for blood, their cruelty, their cold mercilessness — calls up, in quite a vivid way, that no description could have realized, the figures of the demons who figured in the great Revolution. It helps us to understand the "sea-green incorruptible" and his quiet, refined manner; while his eye quested blood. Indeed, all the antics of these men of 1871 — their decrees, burnings, levelling of columns, and the rest of their awful deeds, all crowded into a few weeks — reproduced by instinct, and without any purpose of imitation, the former era. But where the likeness was carried out only too faithfully, was in the thirst for PRIESTS' BLOOD. This, indeed, seems to be a motto of all Revolution; the first attack is made on the clergy; the Jesuits and curés are driven out or slaughtered. And this is not a mere devouring of the shepherds before beginning with the sheep; but a sort of morbid fury, a grudge of years' standing. For these unhappy victims are helpless to interfere with their purposes. But this rabid phobia should surely be considered a compliment to these good men, though one paid at the expense of life itself.

Rigault was "Delegate of Public Safety," as it was called in the pompous jargon of the Commune, and he soon contrived to be appointed to the office of *Procureur* or Prosecutor for the Commune, and later to that of Chief of Police. With such powers, this man took a fiendish pleasure in denouncing and arresting not those who might be opposed to his party but those to whom he had an instinct of dislike. In his friend Ferré he found an associate of a congenial turn of mind. These two men must be held responsible for the cold-blooded murders that followed. The eyes of both turned eagerly to the "cassocks" then walking about Paris, with plenty to do.

On the 7th of April, "the Hostage law" was voted, which was to the effect that every one suspected of holding relations with Versailles should be brought before a jury, and, if found guilty, detained in prison as a hostage; so that if any prisoner were put to death by the Versailles, three of these hostages should be executed in reprisal. Fortified by this decree, they could set to work with effect; for every person who did not sympathize with them might *ex officio*, be suspected of holding relations with Versailles.

Mr. Leighton passed by the Rue St. Honoré about three or four o'clock one morning, when he noticed a group of the ill-fed and grotesquely dressed Federals standing as if waiting for some one. In a moment a door opened in another street, and a man issuing forth hurried away in a very alarmed fashion. Presently the door was opened again, and two soldiers burst out; in pursuit, the man was caught, dragged in, and the door shut again. This was the Abbé Deguerry, the well-known Vicar of the Madeleine, who was immensely popular and loved by both rich and poor. His very air was engaging; a fine tall handsome old man, full of activity and vigour, with a singularly open and honest face and a quick and lively expression—a fresh colour, and a cloud of wiry silver hair on each side of his head. He was eloquent and witty, was *recherché* in the salons of the "swell" congregation who attended his fashionable church, but was far more at home in the squalid quarters of St. Eustache, where he had formerly been vicar. His charity was unbounded; he kept nothing for himself. Finally, he had several times declined a Bishopric. Once he had been persuaded to accept that of Marseilles, but a few hours later he repented. "No," he said; "I belong to the Madeleine. I shall stay there, and die there." To have selected such a man for a victim shows not merely a fiendish hatred of such goodness, but a dull stupidity and ignorance that would make their cause for ever odious.

With this good man were also arrested the Archbishop of Paris; President Bonjean; the Archbishop's second vicar, the Abbé Allard, who was also a member of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded; Father Ducoudray, Rector of the Seminary of St. Geneviève; and Father Clerc, a Jesuit. These names are familiar to us from their unhappy notoriety; but many more—priests, monks, bankers, lawyers—were seized and thrown into prison. The Archbishop had received friendly warnings; but he refused to de-

part or conceal himself, saying that the post of the shepherd was with his flock. The Delegate Regère, whom the writer saw at the Versailles trial defending himself with great coolness and fluency, and who affected to carry out the rôle of a pious man, sending his children to religious schools, actually paid him a visit with this view. This strange official followed the offices of the Church with regularity, though once in the sacrist he denounced the Archbishop as a traitor, and said he would "vote against him." The Archbishop was considered a clever man, of strong convictions. He had a fine ecclesiastical head. The hostages were all consigned to the cells of the common prisoners and treated with extraordinary rigour—the leading hostages being confined chiefly at the Mazas Prison.

Weeks passed by, and the Versailles troops were gradually drawing the circle closer and yet closer. As they found the end drawing nearer, the Communist leaders felt the necessity of committing their followers to the cause by some desperate acts which should make them feel they were cut off from all hope of mercy, and thus make them fight the more savagely. Ferré succeeded Raoul Rigault in his office of Chief of Police, the former wishing to have wider and more general scope for his work, and on this change a fresh impulse was given. The appetite for blood was yet more whetted: indeed, there can be no question but that if the Commune had had a longer respite, the old "Reign of Terror" would have fairly set in. The crusade against the "cassocks" can be followed chronologically. Their property had been systematically plundered. The Jesuits, the Missionaries of the Holy Ghost, the Dominicans, the Church of St. Sulpice and its Seminary, the "Birds" Convent, and even that church of tender and sacred memories, Notre Dame des Victoires, were all invaded and pillaged. On the 10th of April, a notice posted on the Church of Montmartre spoke significantly of the rising hostility to things sacred. It described the priests as "bandits," their churches as lairs where the people were "morally assassinated." As yet no priest's blood had been shed. But the warnings and menaces were so significant, and the silent apprehension of some cruel work to come so strong, that the writer well remembers an attempt being made in London by some English ecclesiastics, to get Lord Granville to interfere: but, naturally, without result. Nothing could be done. But when on the 21st of

May the gate of St. Cloud was forced by the Versaillists, and their artillery was ranged along the Trocadero heights, the last bloody act of this nightmare began, almost at once. Then the desperate men that led the Communists seemed to turn at bay, or coolly to make their preparations for turning at bay.

An unfortunate young journalist named Chaudey had been carried off it was said, to gratify the hatred of Raoul Rigault. M. Louis Enault was sitting by him in the *Siècle* office, when a gigantic masquerader with a vast plume of feathers, and attended by half a dozen comic guards, arrested him. He had been carried to Ste. Pelagie, and on the evening of the 23rd of May, close upon midnight, Raoul hurried to his cell, attended by two followers, armed to the teeth. He told Chaudey he must get ready for death, and on the wretched prisoner remonstrating that he had had no trial, that it was an assassination, the Communist Prosecutor burst into a gross and violent attack upon his victim, accusing him of having "fired upon the people in his paper." A squad of Federals had been sent for. There was no help at hand; for, either by accident or design, all the regular prison officials were absent that night. Thus the victim was surrounded by spies and enemies. Even a prisoner was allowed to look on and insult him. He was led round to a retired avenue of the prison, close to the chapel. A lantern fixed at a corner of the wall shed a dim light; while another was carried by one Berthier. Rigault, finding his men hesitate, drew his sword, and assailed then with coarse reproaches; then gave the word. The journalist was only hit in the arm, but with undaunted courage, cried, "Vive la République." Then one of the warders with two shots stretched him on the ground; while a Brigadier Gentil, with a coarse oath, fired his revolver at him. The prisoner came last, and discharged his pistol into the skull of the unfortunate man. The savage execration of the victim, with the bystanders taking a share in his execution, was a fair imitation of the procedure of the old revolutions. Rigault was heard to say, "We ought to have begun all this long ago!"

These were the last days of the Commune, and into them were crowded all sorts of dramatic horrors. On the 24th of May, Ferré arrived at the Prefecture, accompanied by Wurtz and another of his familiars. He sent for the registers, and gave out that all who had served the Em-

pire or Versailles were to be shot. He selected three by name; but when they were brought out, one was found to be mad, and was actually wearing a straight-waistcoat. He was put aside. The second, when called for, had wit enough to conceal himself. The third was one Veyset, a gendarme officer. He was hurried out, and was heard to make the faint remonstrance—"You promised to spare my life." The answer he received was, "All right, all right; these men have no time to lose; so get along." All through the scene that followed many bystanders recalled the figure of the Prefect of Police, hurrying and bustling about, conspicuous by "a light-coloured paletôt with a velvet collar," a little cane in his hand, and the gaudy Commune scarf about his waist. Many who did not know him at all identified him by this bizarre dress. A squad of men were waiting who called themselves the "Avengers of Flourens" (*Vengeurs de Flourens*), to whom he distributed money—a process, it seems, always gone through before bloody work began. And then the party set out for the quai, which was close by. Travellers will recall the strange mass of buildings which formed the Prefecture—all caked together, the houses overlooking the water, as in Holland, the tottering edifices centuries old. The writer was lately looking at the spot to which they dragged their victim, and where Ferré gave the word, saying, "There's your man!" A volley was discharged, and he was then flung into the water. That atrocity was followed by an orgie at the Prefecture, when the Prefect and his band were said to have remained twenty-six hours at table, which they concluded by setting fire to the place, without releasing a number of malefactors who were confined, and who would have been burnt, but for the courageous behaviour of one of the warders.

While these things were going on, the Communists found a sort of amusement in announcing to the hostages confined in the Mazas Prison that each day was to be their last. A former police officer, named Rabut—a class of men whom the Communists regarded with an almost demoniacal hatred—had been told on the morning of the 22nd, by a friendly warder, that the Versailles troops were in the town, and that he would soon be free. The other answered, sadly, "Provided we are not assassinated in the meantime." But about eight o'clock that evening, just as he was getting into bed, the warder came to tell him that he must dress himself, and



get ready to be brought to another prison — La Roquette. At this news his heart sank, for he knew that La Roquette was the one always associated with condemned prisoners. He was brought to a dark cell and detained there an hour, when he was brought to the office and confronted with two delegates, who asked if his name was Rabut. On being told that it was, they turned to each other with sparkling eyes, and said that "It was all right." He was then brought down to the court, where a large furniture wagon, covered with canvas, and open at both ends, was waiting.

Other hostages had been also summoned, and were crowded into the wagon, to the number of about a dozen. They were driven through the streets, while a crowd, half-drunk, thirsty for blood, pursued them with revilings and cries of "Death! death!" A venerable missionary, with a long white beard — the Abbé Perni — was among them, and his name was called third on the list. He described the shocking and coarse insults they received from the crowd of wretches about them, and declared that "during his five-and-twenty years' life spent amongst savages, he had never seen anything so horrible as the faces of the infuriated women and men who were howling for their blood." Later events show that it was only motives of policy that prevented their conductors allowing them to be torn in pieces — like the deer flung to the hounds at Fontainebleau. They arrived, however, safely at the grim prison, which closed its gates on them. One of the gaolers standing by witnessed their arrival, and heard the officer in charge say, "We are going to shoot them." The gaoler made a sort of remonstrance, but was violently threatened by the officer, and warned to look to himself. They spent that most gloomy night in their cells. The danger was coming terribly near, though they might have a little hope from the news that the troops were making way.

This was on Tuesday, the twenty-third. During the greater part of the next day there was a sort of unnatural calm. The police officer in the morning asked for water, but received the rather ominous answer, "You won't want it: as you will be out of this to-morrow, or perhaps this evening." But the prison officials were secretly indulgent, as far as they dared to be so. They were allowed to see and speak to each other. The Archbishop was suffering a great deal from the long confinement, and had been put into a wretched

cell. An honest doctor, also detained at La Roquette, tried hard to get him placed in a cell close to him, where he himself could be at hand to attend him. And he pressed the Archbishop to get this change made. The latter, thanking him heartily, said he did not wish to be separated from his friends. A young priest, De Marsay, also confined in the prison, got him to accept his cell, which was No. 21, and in the 4th division, having a chair and a table, and a glimpse of a little garden. The same good ecclesiastic had previously exchanged cells with President Bonjean, who found the glare of the sun too oppressive. The Archbishop was very ill indeed. M. De Marsay had some talk with both. The Archbishop repeated how he had refused to fly, believing it was his duty to remain. The President spoke tenderly of his wife. He said he had been offered forty-eight hours to go and see her, giving his parole that he would return before the hour fixed; but that, considering the difficulties of communication and the possibility of his being prevented carrying out what he had given his honour to undertake, he thought better to decline. More probably this upright man and judge felt that he dared not trust himself to his family and friends, and feared lest there should be a speck on the ermine he so adorned.

There was something simple and noble in this judge's character. A Senator and Dean of the Court of Cassation, he had felt it his duty to return to the city when the moment of danger came. He was actually leaving the bench when he was seized and dragged away to prison. One of the priests who was confined bore testimony to his noble demeanour under this awful trial. "This magistrate, good Christian, and honest man, was actually the one among us all who feared death the least. He it was who cheered and encouraged us — and strengthened us." A letter of his, addressed to a young friend, has been preserved, which shows a state of mind worthy of a philosopher. "My dear child," he said, "what I have done I would do again. However painful have been the consequences to my dear family, in the simple fact of doing one's duty there is an inward satisfaction which helps us to support with patience, and even with calmness, the bitterest trials. I have never before now so well understood the passage in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice's sake.' My dear friend, let us do our duty and remain cheerful, up to the foot

of the scaffold." This was no platitude. All his fellow-prisoners were inexpressibly comforted by his never-failing cheerfulness, and even gaiety, to the last moment. But he had always been a religious man — and as he lived, so he died.

That day passed over slowly. But at night, about eight o'clock, the Missionary heard the clatter of arms and footsteps in the passage of the prison; and, looking out, saw a band of Communist soldiers. He presently heard one of them say, "We must finish off these Versailles bandits;" and one of the fellows answered him, "We'll floor them, you'll see!" He knew what this meant, and began to prepare himself for death. In a moment he heard some one open the door of the next cell, and ask the occupant, "Was he the citizen Darboy?" This was a young priest named Guersand, who answered "No." The Missionary then heard a voice answer gently, "Here!" It was the unfortunate Archbishop. They next passed to M. Bonjean's cell. The prisoner was beginning to undress. He was told to come as he was, and make haste. He had time to press the hand of Abbé De Marsay, whose cell was next his; and gave him this pathetic message, "Tell my wife that I die with her memory at my heart."

The Communists had been mustered in the court of the prison. They were a band of some forty or fifty, selected from the "Avengers of the Republic," the "forlorn Hope of the Commune," the "Lascars," and the "Zouaves of the Column of July," and other fantastically named corps. Some were dressed up grotesquely in hats with red plumes, and long cloaks. All seemed to be half-drunk. Most were very young. At their head were two men; one in a workman's blouse, with a long beard; the other a member of the Commune, wearing his scarf over a light paletôt, and a red bow edged with gold. It was not very clearly established whether this was Ferré, as the more careful and trustworthy of the witnesses would not swear to him; though, at the close of the Communist trial, a witness swore to his presence in rather too wholesale a fashion. But as Ferré directed the executions of a day or two before, and those of a day or two later, it seems almost certain that he was present on this occasion.

While they were in the court, various prisoners were taking hurried glances from the windows, and listening with strained ears; indeed, all this account can only be put together, literally from dramatic snatches of words, and glimpses

caught up here and there from a window or a doorway. But this was checked, as soon as observed, with a ferocious menace. The band in the court were heard talking together, "We are to have our fifty francs apiece" — and began trying their locks. But there were some symptoms of hanging back from the office of actual execution; some shifting it on to the others, with a "You do it," "No; you do it." But at last it was arranged, and they proceeded to load. Then Ferré, or whoever was the Communist delegate, was heard to address them, "Citizens, you know that six of our men are wanting. Well, we must have six of these!" and, out of the list in his hand, selected six names. Then Le Français, Governor of the prison (who had been six years at the galleys), led the way up to the prisoners' corridor. The Communists followed, and were drawn up in the gallery; and the Hostages, as we have seen, were called out.

What dictated the selection of these six is not known, save that five were ecclesiastics of high position. As the Archbishop passed into the corridor, he was heard to say, "The justice of the oppressor is slow in coming!" As each came out, they had to pass through the double file of Federals, who poured out on them a foul torrent of execration. When they got to the foot of the stairs leading to the court-yard, they all met and embraced affectionately. They were allowed to exchange a few last words. Then they were loaded with insults; and some one reproached the Archbishop with having done nothing for the Commune. He answered that he had written to Versailles, and it was not his fault if they had not answered him. If he was to die, he added, he hoped he should die like an honourable man. Fresh abuse was heaped upon him. But a man in a blouse stepped forward, and said roughly that it was a cowardly thing to insult men who were going to be shot; and they should be let alone. This had some effect. Then they moved forward in a sort of little procession. The Archbishop went first, the Judge leaning on his arm — then the Abbé Allard, his hands joined in an attitude of prayer; and then the brave and charitable old Abbé Deguerry, attended by the Jesuit Cleric, and Père Ducondray.

They were in the open avenue, walking towards a sort of grille or iron gate to the circular avenue, which had been opened. and the Archbishop, as he passed, rested his hand on it, and turned to speak. The Abbé De Marsay, who was at one of the windows, tried hard to catch what he said;

but the Federals closed up and drowned his words, one saying "Get on! This is no time for talk. Tyrants don't give us such indulgences." They passed by, and Father Ducoudray, glancing up at the window where his friend was, opened his soutane, and significantly pointed to his heart. All were calm, gentle, resigned, and met their end with true dignity.

An avenue ran round the prison between two high walls. The night was dark, and the sky was even more darkened by clouds of black smoke, for Paris had already begun to burn. Some of the Federals carried flaming torches; the rest walked in loose order round about the prisoners. They arrived at a spot where the wall makes a bend; there they halted. It must have been a strange procession. As it tramped by a prisoner in his cell heard one of the priests utter, "O my God! my God!" while the Abbé Allard exhorted his companions to be firm. The six were placed against the wall in a line. The Archbishop then advanced and addressed the assassins in a few words, saying that he heartily forgave them, which seems to have produced a strange scene. For two of the men advanced, and, dropping on their knees, begged for his blessing. Their comrades rushed at them and loaded them with abuse. A cruel, meagre-looking man, about thirty-five years old, dressed in a blouse, advanced to give the word. His name was Virigg. Two discharges immediately followed, and the victims fell. Some were cruelly wounded, and the prisoners far off in the cells counted with sinking hearts the dropping shots that succeeded. Virigg advanced, and with his pistol gave the *coup de grace* to the Archbishop. The President, writhing on the ground, strove to raise himself, and was shot down. One of the assassins was heard joking on it as they went away. "You saw how the old fellow tried to get up! It was time to finish him off." They suffered cruelly. The skull of Father Ducoudray was literally broken in, and M. Bonjean's legs were broken in many places.

At eleven o'clock that night, Lamotte, one of the warders, was told to go on duty in place of one of the Communists, who was drunk, and to fetch a cart. The bodies were then searched, the articles found on them were brought to the Director; then they were driven off to Pere la Chaise. When they were disinterred some days later, they were found placed in simple shells. The violet cassock of the Archbishop was all tattered with balls;

his gold cross, chain, &c., were gone—even the gold cord on his hat. Such is the history of their sufferings; and, however calamitous the story, their unostentatious dignity and courage furnish a welcome contribution to the nobility of human nature.

Then followed the massacre of some poor Dominicans, who had been carried off about a week before from their convent and schools. They were not classed as hostages, though the title made no difference in their fate. The fathers, professors, servants, all were taken away *en masse*. On the morning after the Archbishop's execution, about eight o'clock, an officer entered and announced to them that they were free. "But we can't leave you in the hands of the Versaillists, so you must follow us to the Gobelins; from thence you can go wherever you please." This would seem to have been one of the cruel "jests" of which the Revolutionists were fond: for the ecclesiastics were led through an infuriated mob, all threatening them with death. When they got to the Gobelins they were told they could not be allowed to go, as they would be torn to pieces in the streets. The shells were falling on the buildings, and they were purposely thrust out into the open court. They were then taken to a new prison in the Rue d'Italie. As they waited, the door was often thrown open, and a sort of Garibaldian announced to them: "Cassocks! get up. We are going to put you on the barricades." They were accordingly conducted into a perfect rain of balls, but escaped being struck. When the insurgents were driven from the barricades they took their prisoners with them, and sent them back to the prison. There they prepared for death, confessed each other, and received their Prior's exhortation. At half-past four came Colonel Cerisier with a new order; they were all to set out—fathers, professors, and domestics. When they got to the gate of the prison the command was given: "Pass out, one by one, into the street." They obeyed. The Prior said: "Let us go, my friends, in the name of our good God." As each came out a terrible fire was directed on them by the mob waiting for them. Twelve were shot down; one miraculously escaped to tell the story, his coat pierced with bullets. He was able to slip unobserved into an open doorway, where a good woman hurried him into her husband's clothes, and sheltered him till all danger was over. Yet these were all good and holy men, whose lives were devoted to attending the

poor, educating children, and serving in their church. It is fatal to the cause of the Revolution that such should be made the objects of its fury.

We now return to the hostages remaining in La Roquette. Among them were three Jesuits—Olivain, de Beugy, and Caubert; the Director of a charitable orphan-house; Père Planchat, a young seminary; the good Abbé Sabbatier, of Notre Dame de Lorette, whose life, like that of the Abbé Deguerri, was given up to the poor—and more especially to teaching poor children—of his parish, who worshipped him. There were fourteen priests in all, and thirty-six gendarmes who were specially obnoxious to the people. On the twenty-sixth, two days after the first massacre, the Versailles troops were in possession of a large portion of Paris; yet terrible scenes were going on. Ferré came in the morning to the prison, and held a sort of court for the trial of the soldiers. Some were hurriedly dealt with; a raging mob waiting at the gate for their prey. A member of the court would appear at the door with a prisoner, hand out a scrap of paper with his condemnation written on it. The victim would be thrust out, under the pretext of being conducted to execution, but in reality to be despatched by the mob. In their despair some would try and run for their lives, only to be shot down, as a witness described it, "like wild animals." The priests were dealt with after the same fashion.

On Thursday, about four o'clock, when the shells were falling on the prison—a Brigadier Romain arrived, and with a joyful air announced to them that they were to be set free. "We want fifteen," said the Brigadier; "so answer to your names." They were not deceived by this pretence, and knew that their hour was come. When he came to one of the names which was written illegibly, a religious stepped forward and calmly said it was his. Another asked might he take his hat, but the Brigadier said it was not worth while, as they were only going to the office. In the court below was waiting a band of armed men, some of whom seemed to be the same who had assisted at the Archbishop's execution. The leader was a Garibaldian, with very red hair, a huge sabre, and a revolver, which he flourished. An apothecary was watching all this from the window of his cell, and heard snatches of an angry conversation between this man and the governor of the prison, the *ci-devant* convict Le Français. The Garibal-

dian said, roughly: "Twenty minutes won't do. I must have them at once."

They were then taken away on one of those dreadful progresses through the streets to the notorious quarter of Belleville. How they got there, or where they passed that night or the following morning, is not known; but on Friday evening, at about six o'clock, they were seen walking in terrible procession through the Rue de Paris.

It was composed of the Federals chiefly belonging to battalions of the 5th and 11th quarters, some men of a body called "Bergeret's Forlorn Hope," and a band of vile and unsexed women, who are admitted to have been the most ferocious of the whole. After these came some of the unfortunate gendarmes; then the fourteen priests; and then the remaining soldiers. There were fifty prisoners in all. Drums and trumpets played a sort of a furious march; while the yells and execrations of the crowd that rushed on either side must have made the whole seem something infernal. They turned into the Rue Haxo, a little behind which was an open space, which had been cleared just before the war broke out in order to build a ball-room. The ground had been dug out at one side for the foundations, so that the whole presented the appearance of a sort of circus with a deep trench at one end.

Here, and in all the streets that gave upon this place, was waiting a surging, roaring crowd, which eddied still in unclean waves as the head of the procession passed in. A man was riding among this mass who was greeted with shouts of approbation, and when the prisoners approached he called out, "Here's a good take, my men! Now, let me see you finish them!"

A young man, fair, pale, handsomely dressed, and evidently of superior station, was also seen with them, and was heard to say: "Shoot them down, my friends; shoot them down!"

The whole place where the future ball-room was to be erected was now one mass of human beings. The fifty unfortunate men were dragged forward and thrust into the trench. The priests were already wounded, but were perfectly resigned and patient. Then commenced a slaughter with revolvers that could only be compared to a battue. Shot after shot was poured into the fatal trench until it became a mass of lifeless, bleeding remains. For a time all was like an orgie from the mixed sounds of yells, imprecations, and shots. Then came a sudden stillness. A

man in a grey hat and blouse, with a gun slung on his back, came out of the trench and was received with delight and congratulations — young and pretty women patting him on the back, and saying, "Well done; bravo, my friend!" The unfortunate Abbé Sabbatier was pierced with eight balls, his brain blown out, his jaw shot away.

We go back again to La Roquette, where there were still left a few hostages, among whom were half a dozen priests. It was evident that the Commune were economizing their victims, using them in batches to stimulate the already whetted appetites of their followers. The old Chinese Missionary had somehow been passed over, though he often thought his last moment had come. There were also Fathers Surat, Chaulieu, and about sixty laymen.

It was now Saturday, the 27th. The end was at hand, and it was to be the last day of the Commune. About evening news spread through the prison that the terrible Ferré had arrived. He had come to carry off a fresh batch to execution. A brave Superintendent or Brigadier of the prison named Binet, was shocked at this fresh demand, and came down to Ferré, whom he found flourishing a revolver, and surrounded by half a dozen of his men, their guns slung on their backs. The Brigadier began to plot with a companion how he was to save them, and for a moment thought of snatching Ferré's pistol and shooting him, but that was found too risky. He was forced to bring them down. There were of course in the prison the regular malefactors, and as he went up stairs it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to release and arm these men, on condition of their fighting in defence of the place. Accordingly all sorts of rude weapons, hammers, bars, &c., were furnished to them, and according to other accounts the Communists handed in arms through the gratings. Binet presently saw one of the criminals who was under sentence of death, aiming at him with a musket. Cries of "Hurrah for the Commune!" echoed through the building. But the courageous officer went and warned the hostages not to be seduced down by any cries that the gates were open, and then barricaded himself and them. He was seen at a window, and an infuriated Communist called upon him to come down. The whole place was now in confusion. All the cells were thrown open, and every one was told he might go where and when he pleased. No doubt this was

owing to the general confusion now prevailing, for the soldiers were closing in. The hostages — the priests especially — so often deluded by such invitations, were at a loss what to do. Four of the priests, including Fathers Surat and Chaulieu, timorously found their way to the gate. They had got as far as the Place Prince Eugène, when they were stopped and searched. The Federals were about to shoot them on the spot when some women interposed and begged that they should not be executed there. They were taken back to the prison, when M. Surat made an attempt to escape. He was caught, and dragged along under the prison wall. At this moment a woman burst out of the crowd, and, flinging herself on him, tried to stab him. With one hand he tried to ward off her blows, and with the other made the sign of the cross. Shrieking, "Let me have the priest. I must have him!" she levelled her revolver, and as the unfortunate priest said "Mercy, mademoiselle; have mercy!" shot him through the head. A mere child then shot him in the chest. The other three perished in the same way.

The Chinese Missionary, who had been ready for death, took things very quietly. At the general *saute qui peut*, the warder, who behaved admirably all through, gave them lay dresses. The old Missionary went out, and wandering about the streets for more than an hour trying to obtain shelter, at last came to the resolution of returning to his prison — where he found the servants with some gendarmes, who had done precisely the same thing. The Abbé De Marsay was more fortunate. He found a Federal who threatened him with his gun. The Abbé waited till he saw the man's attention engaged by some unfortunate soldiers who were being hurried by, and fled. The fellow fired after him, but missed him. No romance of the late Dumas could be more full of exciting scenes, succeeding each other like a dreadful series of dissolving views. Even this last incident is a little picture. But everywhere, through the smoke and crowd, the dark cassock of the baited priest is in the centre.

It seems the prison was divided into several quarters, and in two of these the hostages had successfully barricaded themselves. One of the hostages bade the priests to keep out of the way, saying "that their gown did not oblige them to fight." A priest answered them, "But we can at least give you our blessing," which they did. The Federals came again and again, threatening and cursing, and at last



tried to set the place on fire. They then attempted their old *ruse*, announcing that the prisoners were free and the doors open, and that the place was about to be burnt. But they were not to be taken in.

The Missionary and his friends were too few to think of defence, and a clever warder took them to the infirmary, and put them in bed in the sick wards, dressing them in the hospital clothes. This idea was the suggestion of a convict who was employed in the prison. His name, which should be preserved, was Cieszanski. Again the Federals came, and were told that the hostages had all gone away.

By this time, however, the Versailles troops had made great head, and the insurgents were falling back in all directions. Two of the leaders came to take refuge that evening at the prison, with some horses and a mysterious chest, of which they took great care, and which was supposed to contain money. They brought a supply of wigs and chignons, and a hair-dresser, who spent some time in shaving and dressing them as women. One of these was believed in the prison to have been Ferré. Both fled before night.

At last Sunday morning came round, and the Missionary and his companions in the infirmary heard fresh confusion below. There was a tramping on the stairs, and the doors flew open. An officer in the uniform of the French Army, his sword raised in the air, strode in and called out:—

"Who cries, 'France for ever!'"

A shout, says the old Chinese Missionary, echoed him back his challenge of deliverance. His next question was "Where is the Archbishop?" It was Colonel Desplat. Rescue had come at last, and the true soldiers of France were below and filling the building. The Reign of Terror was at an end. It must have seemed like some horrid nightmare to these survivors as they looked back.

There had been another act of the tragedy at the Mazas Prison. When the soldiers were drawing near, the rebels had opened the doors, and bidding them go, the inmates rushed out. But all round the prison were the barricades lined with the insurgents, and as the wretched prisoners scattered and hurried by, they were shot down nearly to a man.

Such is the "Story of the Hostages." It is to be lamented that many of the wretches who perpetrated these hideous

atrocities should be at large; ready, perhaps, to repeat them should the occasion offer. The blood of those murdered men, who met their sufferings and death so nobly, cries to Heaven for vengeance.

From The Spectator.

#### THE QUAKERS AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

THE International will not make much of the Ipswich Engineers. The "tyranny of capital" seems to be felt in that rather out-of-the-way town as a very beneficent influence, a kind of constitutional authority not to be attacked or upset without very grave reflection. The accounts of the movement there to secure the Nine Hours' Day published in the local papers are very interesting, not only on account of the relation revealed as existing between masters and men—a relation quite of the antique sort, manifested in ways that would have delighted Dickens,—but on account of their *couleur locale*, the almost religious tone which seems to have penetrated the proceedings. In Ipswich they quote the Bible in favour of short hours, and take as their song of triumph a hymn from Dr. Watts. Most of our readers have heard, we imagine, of Messrs. Ransome, Sims, and Head, the great Quaker firm on the Orwell, which turns out so large a proportion of the agricultural machinery used throughout England, and is always coming to the front with new inventions and appliances, like the road steamer now being so largely ordered for India. This firm, now ninety years old, is remarkable in industrial history for the amity and long continuance of its relations with its *employés*. The founder Mr. Ransome, a Quaker, in spite of a hard head and a somewhat despotic temper, had the Quaker habit of consideration for his men, and his little foundry grew amidst difficulties such as one reads of in novels—in one case Mr. Ransome had to pay away his children's bright pennies and little silver to meet the wages of the week—till it grew into one of the first establishments in England, able to turn out at need a regiment of well-drilled, full-grown men. Aided, no doubt, by local circumstances, such as the absence of similar factories in the district and its general poverty—a poverty long since removed—but mainly by their men's sense of the governing tone of the firm, the Ransomes were able on one occasion to tide over a period which was fatal to more than one of their rivals

in the trade. Some thirty-five years ago work was slack, money was scarce, and the firm was compelled to take the men into council, and ask for concessions which in many places would have been the signal for a determined strike. The masters, however, explained their situation frankly, the men entirely believed them, and after a single meeting the whole body agreed to work three-quarters time at reduced wages, that is, in fact, to put up with 12s. or 13s. in the pound of their usual receipts till better times came round. "That matter rested in my mind," says the present head of the firm, speaking so many years after the occurrence, and doubtless tended to deepen an amity so remarkable that the firm, though noted for the strictness of its discipline, has now 456 hands in its employ whose services average 20 years, 328 who average 25 years, 51 who average 36 years, and 14 who exceed 46 years. In fact, departure has become among the more experienced hands as unusual as dismissal, a fact all the more remarkable, because similar works are now in existence all over England, and Messrs. Ransome's men express in their speeches about the Nine Hours' movement complete sympathy with their order throughout the country, and are evidently not disposed to surrender any of the advantages generally enjoyed. Immediately after the termination of the Newcastle Strike, the men, more than 900 in number, decided that it would be "discreditible to Ipswich to remain behind-hand" in such a reform; but instead of striking or threatening to strike they held a meeting in the Lecture Hall, at which doctrines were propounded that would have made a Communist white with rage. One, which would, we fear, be received with little approval even in Northern England, was that it was to the workman's advantage that his master should get rich,—a statement not indeed made by a workman, but received by them with unanimous applause; another, that "workmen had duties as well as rights;" and a third, that if they were "courteous and reasonable," their employers would in all probability be so too. There was a bit of a fight as to the best hours for beginning and leaving off, but it ended in a unanimous decision to ask for a full half-holiday on Saturday, that is, from noon instead of 2 p. m., and such reduction on other days as would bring the weekly stint of labour down to fifty-four hours. A deputation accordingly waited on Messrs. Ransome with the men's request, and were, it seems, not only told that it would be granted, but that it was

granted with pleasure, as a partial repayment of the ancient obligation conferred by the hands upon the firm. So touched were the men by this reception and the instant concession of their demand, that they could not be content without some public exhibition of their feeling, and accordingly resolved to present their employers with an address at a public soiree. The address, a most simple, straightforward affair, remarkable only for its clear assertion that prosperity is a blessing to be prayed for instead of a snare to be avoided, was accordingly presented, and received by the partners in speeches which are really an echo of the men's, a distinct avowal that a short stint of daily labour is a good thing, good for the masters as well as the men, and one that in the end will cost nothing. There was none of that reticence and caution with which most employers think it expedient to temper any concession whatever. We do not observe in the very minute report of the speeches before us a single regret over the good old times when men worked from sunrise till they were too tired for anything but bed, while the manager of the Orwell Works, not a partner, repudiated in the strongest language the idea of making up the lost time by driving. He "wanted more brain-oil put into their work, and not more elbow-grease;" to see them all become workmen, instead of merely working-men. Nobody made the blunder of hinting that the men would misspend the new leisure; and the partners, with a touch of the true courtesy so often wanting in these struggles, insisted that the head of the workmen's Committee—the "leader of the revolt," as they would say in Belgium or France—should take precedence of the gentlemen, and be Chairman of the occasion.

We have given this little incident a prominent place in our columns for two reasons. One is that we gravely believe this Nine Hours' movement to be one of the most important that has ever occurred in the long strife of Labour and Capital, and its success of the brightest omen for the future adjustment of their relations. Masters and men have shown more common-sense than they have displayed for a century, and the effect of the reform in removing bitterness will be immense, for although some of the men still argue that wages are more important than leisure, and some of the masters still allege the reduction of hours is only a phrase for increase of pay, there can be no doubt that the old hours, the long monotony of toil,

the almost total absence of leisure in the sunlight embittered workmen's tempers, and left that sense of inconsiderate treatment, or, to speak plainly, of cruelty which makes obedience so hard. And the second reason is this. We have been profoundly impressed in all full accounts of strikes, whether English or Continental, with what seems to us the almost undue effect of personal courtesy from employers. Our readers may remember how a fancied slight embittered the struggle between the workmen and the Directors of the South-Eastern Railway, and we never take up an account of a dispute which ended amicably without reading some acknowledgment by the workmen of the "kindness" or "fairness" or "consideration" with which their deputations were received. There is a sense of surprise, of pleased astonishment in some of these acknowledgments, which suggests thoughts at once melancholy and pleasant,—melancholy because the surprise shows how deep the social chasm still is, pleasant because it reveals a method of avoiding, if not the struggle itself, at least some of its bitterness. The grand social difficulty of the Continent, the kind of hatred, as of aristocrats for levellers, entertained by employers for their men—a hatred due, we imagine, to concealed fear, and occasionally expressed with brutal insolence—has never troubled us here much; but even in England a little more courtesy, a little more of the feeling which makes all Mussulmans courteous because every man is a "creature of the Almighty," would seriously modify the tone of our social struggles. If all workmen in England were so treated that they thought it a pleasant thing to see the masters grow rich, as Messrs. Ransome's men said they did, the International might whistle up the storm till it fainted for want of breath.

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From The Examiner.

#### CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMS IN SWITZERLAND.

IN the Swiss Congress at Berne there is now under consideration a Reform Bill which is well deserving the attention of political students. Switzerland offers the most striking example, perhaps, ever afforded, of the advantages of the federal system. Surrounded by great empires continually on the watch for an opportunity to crush its inconvenient liberties, it has yet, with its petty resources, for five

centuries known how to maintain its independence. Composed of three antagonistic races, everywhere else engaged in unceasing struggles for mastery, its people display no other rivalry than a patriotic emulation for the welfare of their common country. With the still more dividing circumstances of difference of language and difference of creed acting upon them, they are yet before the world one unseparated, inseparable brotherhood. Centralized States may be torn asunder by the upheavings of down-trodden nationalities, but federal Switzerland knows no such distractions. There Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians, possessing equal rights, as they are subject to equal duties, feel that they have an equal interest in the preservation of their union, and well is this union entitled to their attachment. For it has solved that most difficult of political problems, which so few States throughout the world's history have succeeded in solving,—how to reconcile individual liberty and local self-government with the maintenance of so much power in a central authority as will just suffice to preserve the independence and integrity of the country. And it has made, too, of their annals a story of continued progress and peaceful development. At first the bond uniting them sat very lightly on the several cantons. It partook more largely of the nature of a league for defensive purposes than of a confederation, as we now employ the term. Gradually, however, it was drawn closer and closer, until in 1848 a Constitution was adopted which turned Switzerland into a real federation, and strictly defined the rights of the cantons, as well as the powers of the Central Government.

Under this Constitution the Federal Legislature consists of two houses: a *Ständerath*, or Council of States, like the American Senate, representing the several cantons, each of which, whatever its importance, returns two members to it; and a *Nationalrath*, or National Council, like the American House of Representatives, representing the people, every 20,000 of whom return one member; but every canton must have at least one member in the *Nationalrath*, and no electoral district can be made up of portions of different cantons. The executive is vested in a Council of Seven elected for three years, by the Legislature. The members divide the several departments of the administration between them, the Legislature selecting one to act as president. It will thus be seen that, while the Legislature is an almost exact reproduction of the American Congress,

the executive more nearly resembles our own Cabinet. It differs from it, however, in at least two important particulars. In the first place, the whole of the members are elected by the Legislature instead of, as with us, the president only being indicated. And, in the second, they all hold office for a fixed term, instead of being removable by a hostile vote. The Federal Government makes peace and war, and represents the country internationally. The cantons, however, have the right to enter into conventions with other nations concerning fiscal and administrative matters. This is a prerogative of sovereignty not possessed by the American States. Foreign Governments can hold intercourse, in their case, only with the President through the Secretary of State. The Federal Government has also supreme jurisdiction over the army, the cantons being forbidden to keep up a permanent force of more than 300 men in each. The Federal army consists of the *élite*, one per cent. of the population and the reserve half the *élite*. The *Landwehr*, or second reserve, is a cantonal force. The Federal Government has considerable jurisdiction likewise over fiscal matters, public works, and the like. With respect to reforms of the Constitution the provisions are complicated. If one House of Congress is in favour of revision, the other opposing, or if it is demanded by 50,000 qualified voters, a plebiscite is directed to be taken, a simple "Yes" or "No" being returned to the question, Is there to be a revision? If the majority votes affirmatively, a new Congress has to be elected for the special purpose of elaborating a reform bill. But this bill itself has to be approved by a majority both of the cantons and of the people before it becomes valid. How widely this arrangement departs from the American system the reader will at once perceive. The framers of the Constitution of the United States never contemplated a total recasting of that document. Additions and improvements, indeed, they made provision for, but the necessity of a radical reform they did not recognize. They regarded their Constitution, as admitting of being developed, not of being supplemented. Moreover, the people in America have no voice directly in the adoption of amendments. Amendments are proposed by Congress, and ratified by the Legislatures of the several States.

The Constitution of 1848 secured to Switzerland an era of internal contentment and peaceful progress, but it neglected to deal with one very serious abuse.

The confederation having been originally but a league of mutual defence against Austria the cantons were almost entirely independent of each other, and the inhabitants of one settling in another were regarded as aliens. This, which was natural enough two or three centuries ago, strange to say, has continued to the present time. A citizen of Lucerne, for instance, is not a citizen of Berne. He can vote at no election, can hold no office, can take part, in short, in no public business. As a consequence, the population of Switzerland is divided into two classes, nearly equal in number, but widely different as to privileges — the citizens and the *ressortissants*. Besides being refused all rights of citizenship, the *ressortissants* are subjected to another very gross injustice. The Swiss cantons for administrative purposes are divided into communes. Now, these communes are possessed of extensive properties, which are so valuable in many cases that it is said the members of the commune, that is, the citizens, are able to live in idleness on the share of the proceeds which falls to them. From all part in this property the *ressortissants* are rigorously excluded. And not only this, but if any of them are unable to maintain themselves, they are conducted to the frontier by a gendarme, and warned that they will be sent to prison if again found in the canton. It is no wonder that an agitation has arisen for a change in this absurd system. The wonder, indeed, is that it could have maintained itself so long. But this state of things was not the sole ground on which the demand for a revision of the Constitution was based. The march of Bourbaki to the relief of Belfort having compelled the Swiss to call out their army, they found to their dismay that their military system was seriously defective. The men, indeed, showed abundance of zeal, but the officers, and still more the administrative departments, proved wanting in some most important requisites. This discovery was decisive. A revision of the Constitution was at once determined on.

The draft of the revised Constitution comprises a great number of articles, many of which relate to matters of no interest to foreigners. But there are three leading changes proposed. In the first place, the Federal Government is given exclusive control over the army, — its training, clothing, and equipment, — the education of officers, the collection and preservation of munitions of war, and the supervision of the national defence. It is empowered to construct

whatever public works it deems necessary for strategic purposes, and to prohibit any it thinks injurious from a military point of view. And generally it is authorized to legislate as it judges necessary, from time to time, for the defence of the country. The cantons also are required to hand over to it for a reasonable compensation all strong places in their possession, and all buildings and other cantonal property used for military purposes. This is, undoubtedly, a step in the direction of centralization, but considering the meagreness of her resources, and the enormous and highly-trained armies the surrounding States now dispose of, Switzerland had no choice. It is part of the price she, in common with all of us, has to pay for the military revolution effected by Prussia. The second change relates to future revisions of the Constitution. It proposes that, when a revision shall be agreed to by Congress the revised draft shall be submitted for ratification only to the people, the assent of the cantons being dispensed with. The third change declares every citizen of a canton a Swiss citizen, and permits him to vote at all Federal elections at the place where he resides. It also extends to him all cantonal rights in any canton of the Confederation in which he may settle, except the right to share in the communal property. Important as is the exception, this is still a most valuable concession. In future the *ressortissant* will not be subjected to laws in the making of which he had no voice, nor compelled to pay taxes to which he did not consent by his representatives. In the last place, by this change permission is given to every Swiss citizen to settle in any canton he pleases. The cantonal authorities may, however, refuse permission, or withdraw permission after it has been granted, if the person desiring to settle has been deprived of his civil rights by judicial sentence in punishment of crime, or if he becomes permanently chargeable on the public funds, and his native canton refuses to support him. It will thus be seen that if this revised Constitution is adopted, the extraordinary spectacle of nearly one-half the inhabitants of a free republic deprived of all voice in the government of their country will be put an end to for ever. That it will be adopted there appears every probability. The *Nationalrath* has already passed all the main provisions, and the *Ständerath* is also understood to be favourable to it. The only doubtful point appears to be the disposition of the cantons. But no real opposition is apprehended even from them.

From The Saturday Review.

#### THE PEOPLE'S DICTION OF THE FUTURE.

EVERY improvement in this world brings changes with it which are not all good. We cannot gain a great benefit without the set-off of minor drawbacks; and some such drawbacks may be foreseen as a consequence of the present effort to provide universal education. It is a very good thing that everybody should be able to read and write fluently, and we have no right to grudge to others accomplishments without which we should not feel ourselves to be in the full possession of our senses. Nor are we at present concerned with the apprehension that all people may not make the best use of the gift now pressed upon them. As members of a civilized community they are entitled to claim it as a birthright. Our fears are of a less solemn cast. We are thinking of the change which will inevitably be produced by the influence of book-learning on the vernacular of the labouring classes. Hitherto, though the children go to school, their learning, in country places at any rate, scarcely intrudes itself on their home life. They learn and they forget, and express themselves very much as though they had never opened a book. But the teaching of the future is to be more thorough, and is to leave its mark. Children are not only to learn to read, but to read as a consequence of having learnt. With this acquisition of power must inevitably spring up an ambition to improve upon the old modes of speech; and the obvious method of doing this will be to adopt the language of books, the books that please an uncultivated taste, in familiar talk. The intercourse of different classes has hitherto been carried on in what may be regarded as different tongues; and where one side has to force its meaning into a narrow and rude vocabulary, this difference is very marked and very shocking to sensitive people. The present plans of education, in so far as they are effectual, must strike a death-blow at the current speech of multitudes. The child will be taught to talk differently from his parents, and will probably be ashamed of broad provincialisms which, because of their rough force, will stick to his memory like burrs. The world will be a gainer no doubt, but something will be lost of homely force and humour.

It is not supercilious patronage that makes us value the artless language of the poor; we should, in fact, all be losers if the uneducated classes gave up the habit of striving to express what they mean in their own way. We thus realize what



they tell us, the impressions they wish to convey, the views of life which influence them, more vividly than if they aspired to greater grammatical correctness. There is something of the freshness and suggestiveness of a foreign tongue, not only in provincial dialects, but in unfamiliar idioms. Rich and poor cannot converse together without ideas being imparted on either side when to neither is the vehicle of communication stale or hackneyed. So long as there are ranks and degrees, language and manner will show them. There can be no doubt that a corrected phraseology is a step towards social equality; but before all people speak a common tongue at once easy and correct, we shall have a widespread use of second-hand language borrowed from books and newspapers, which is of all modes of speech the most frigid and repellent. School books and school training by themselves, when taken as guides, encourage a formality of expression which really keeps people apart more effectually than mere class distinctions. When each speaks in the idiom of his social life, inequalities may be forgotten; but when a man uses only book words, a sense of estrangement is inevitable in the hearer. How irksome is social intercourse with a man or woman who discards the colloquial word for the provincial newspaper substitute—a practice which at present is confined to the people who make a great display of looking down on ignorance and low life, and who are always proving their superiority over the vulgar by using words which they have picked up without being able to assimilate them. Who can enjoy a chat with a man who always talks of women as *females*, and of a man as an *individual*; with whom things are never like, but *similar*; who never begins a thing, but always *commences* it; who does not choose, but *elects*; who does not help, but *facilitates*; who does not supply, but *caters*—nor buy, but always *purchases*; who calls a beggar a *mendicant*; with whom a servant is always a *domestic*, when he is not a *menial*; who does not say a thing, but *states* it, and does not end, but *terminates* it; who calls a house a *residence*, in which he does not live, but *reside*; with whom a place is a *locality*, and things do not happen, but *transpire*; with whom a murder is always a *tragedy*, and shocking things are *terrible* to *relate*? It will be a day of bad omen for the harmonizing of class interests and feelings when this affectation of a choice diction descends from the middle class to artisans and labourers. And yet it seems in the nature

of things that this must happen; and hence the rudenesses, roughnesses, and quaintnesses of the rustic dialect which still linger in our ears acquire a new charm, because they are invested with the pathos of things which are passing away and are not to be recalled.

Now of course we ought not to wish mere barbarisms to be preserved; cultivation demands their extinction. But whenever people speak naturally, we take in the idea intended to be conveyed; where they do not, something is lost or superadded. The little girl working in the brickfield who told the Commissioners, "We swills the spottles off us faces before we has us dinners," made them understand exactly the degree of cleansing she went through. If the time ever comes when she will say instead, "We perform our ablutions before we dine," more will be left to guesswork. Again, the woman using the same verb, "I'm a rare one for swilling," sinned against elegance, but conveyed a very distinct image of a brick floor reddening under a vigorous drenching, and of the cleanly impulse which nerved her arm to the work. Even where epithets are put to arbitrary uses, they may undesignedly do good service, as when the grandmother pronounces a sickly infant (very suggestive of a changling) to be on the mend—"She hasn't the deathly comical look she had." The plea of poverty—"We must have something to fill us bellies"—cannot be surpassed in force. No amplification or periphrasis can add strength to the original wording. The cook-maid of the future may count up the dishes she has to wash, and expatiate on the toil of her task in pedantic English; but when the charwoman of the present day says, "He fouled a matter o' six plates," there is a protest against luxury in her choice of a verb that conveys more than the simple numbers would do if twice told. The coinage from the same mint is not less expressive. "The gingerbread is not so snappified as the last," leaves no doubt as to the kind of crispness which is relished. Greasified, woolfied, bitterified, are equally expressive; we prefer to use the more grammatical forms ourselves, but these rough improvised words imply an energy and intensity of conviction in the inventor which wins our respect. We shall be sorry to see them exchanged for the style in which Epps's cocoa and Glenfield starch are recommended, or Brown and Polson's corn-flour, which so often courts our patronage as "for children's food unrivalled, invaluable

for invalids, for table delicacies delicious." The rustic who owns himself a "very moderate footman" wins our sympathy for weak limbs and scanty breath more thoroughly than if he announced that his powers as a pedestrian are limited; now he talks like a gentleman—that is, he chooses his words on the same principles, though they are words of a different class from his masters; his son may talk like a prig, if what we fear comes true. At present we detect no tendency that way among our rural population; but upon them the great experiment is going to be performed in all its rigour. They will be the better for it, we do not doubt, in a great many ways, but just at first they will not be more companionable.

At present the people have a certain jealousy of long words as promising more than they perform—such as Shakspeare attributes to the clown Costard; "Remuneration! O, that's the Latin for three farthings." Or they fancy that such words are somehow vituperative; thus a good Churchwoman, being persuaded by a neighbour to go to the Dissenting chapel, heard a philippic against the Establishment. She did not like it, but bore it with comparative patience till the preacher began calling the parson names; one name, she said, was too bad to mention, but at last she admitted that he had called her pastor an individual. Her instinct was correct; for, in fact, who does like to be called an individual, though it is not, as she may have supposed, a statutable offence? Nor perhaps will a sister Anglican ever convey her meaning nearer to the truth than when she argued, with gentle alliteration, "I like a mild minister," as opposed to the obstreperous piety of Ranters and Hallelujah bands. At any rate a good many adjectives must be called out to express the same idea "like a book," which must be with her the alternative for some time to come.

It is well to know the meaning of words, but there is also a satisfaction in hearing shrewd good sense assert itself through the blunders of an excusable ignorance. "You have been on the philosophy this morning," says an exasperated mother to her truant son. "I'm sure I haven't," is the muttered denial. "Yes, you have," she sternly rejoins; "I can see it by your trowsers." After all, there are infinitely more people who know the difference of sound between philosophy and velocipede than can define what philosophy really is. There is a clerical anecdote of the late Dr. Wolff, bearing on our point. He was

in the habit of concluding his sermons with a text declaimed in the original Hebrew. Preaching to a village audience on one occasion, he followed his usual custom. The vicar, calling on a parishioner the following day, invited his comments on the powerful discourse. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "it was a very grand sermon, and the gentleman thought so himself, for he finished it off with Hip, hip, hip, hurra!" Now the right view of this incident is not to laugh at the man for a blunder, but to admire his insight into the nature of the preacher. Any one who has once heard Dr. Wolff will recall the jubilant emphasis of his delivery, and the enormous self-estimate it conveyed. The letter might be Hebrew poetry, but the spirit of his wind-up was always in strict accordance with the rustic's interpretation of it.

The time is at hand, though we may not all live to see it, when this ingenuous simplicity of ignorance will make way for another sort of the same commodity expressed in another dialect, and probably glozed over after the fashion which is now the especial accomplishment of the classes who characteristically delight to call themselves genteel. We are not declaring ourselves of his following, who

'Gainst Apollo's harp decreed,  
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed.

Nothing can equal the pleasure imparted by a rich, pure, correct diction; but this is a gift not to be imparted by the people's schools, or perhaps by any schools; and we cannot exchange greetings with a poorer neighbour, and listen to his talk on things about which he is at home, without a growing conviction that, whatever may be the ultimate gain from universal education, the language of the people will suffer in force and vividness when we have polished every class that speaks it.

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From The Spectator

#### PUBLIC CALAMITIES AND THE PUBLIC BEARING.

WE English certainly have not the happy art of expressing the shades of feeling with any clearness and delicacy. Just as language is very apt to fail the most accomplished and sensitive perception in the attempt to discriminate between the various kinds and degrees of pleasure which the beauty of natural scenery causes to the beholder, so language fails us all preposterously as a nation

when we have to give expression to the national pain and regret which a public calamity like the Prince of Wales's imminent danger causes us, and find no words at hand except those which paint the very different emotions excited by the most bitter individual bereavements, — bereavements which alter entirely the colour of a life, and separate, as if by an impassable gulf, the future from the past. The feeling of the English people about the Prince's illness has been as sincere and real as possible. No doubt the excitement of the rapidly recurring telegrams may have tended to make the public suspense and restlessness, which were thoroughly real, look more like the restlessness of passionately clinging hope than it could be or ought to be. There has been a very genuine regret for the good-natured Prince himself: there has been deep sympathy with his wife, who is in as true a sense the delight of the people as any woman whom the millions only hear of, and at best very rarely see from a distance, could be; there has been a real and earnest fear of another heavy calamity falling upon the Queen, and further darkening a lot which for ten years back has certainly not been a bright one; and there has been, beyond all this, a feeling of genuine pity and awe at the prospect of so sudden and sad a termination to a career promising to be so brilliant, and yet that has not hitherto been by any means what the nation could have wished and hoped. Moreover, every one has felt, what many of the papers have justly pointed out, that the Prince's suffering and danger is in some respects representative of the similar private calamities of which almost every separate household has had its own bitter experience, an experience differing from the present one only in this, — that the area of sympathy was so much narrower, while now it is wide enough to include the entire nation. Hence the public are apt to feel as if the nation were now lending its sincerest sympathy to each family's own share in those "old, unhappy, far-off things and trials long ago," of which we have all only too vivid a recollection, no less than to the great royal calamity of the hour, and with this comes something of a glow of satisfaction in this new sense of national unity.

But after allowing for all these different sources of the vivid public feeling of the moment, it is impossible to deny that the language in which the Press has striven to embody that feeling has been entirely beyond and beside the truth, — beyond it in intensity and the impression conveyed of

the *space* which it occupies in the thoughts and imaginations of the people, — beside it in *character*, for while our national trouble has no claim to the character of that kind of shock to the affections which the dreaded opening of a sudden grave in one's own home or family produces, it has much more in it of wide social and political significance, much more of that immediately intelligible meaning to the intellect and imagination of which the stunning blow of a private affliction so seldom admits. The gloom which this illness and danger bring with them to the nation at large is neither nearly so acute as that which would spring from a similar danger to every home, nor quite so mild as that which would be due to universal dread of a sad ending for the hero or heroine of a thoroughly popular fiction, like Dickens's *Little Nell*, — a dread which brought him, it will be remembered, hosts of letters pleading eagerly against her death. It is something between the two, — less purely imaginative than the latter, far less absorbing and paralyzing than the former, but certainly of the two nearer the latter in degree and kind. The sufferings and griefs of the Royal Family constitute to Englishmen at large a sort of vivid parable of human calamity, into which we all enter the more deeply because we know it fascinates all alike, — a lesson in sympathy, not in fortitude, in geniality and breadth of feeling, not in patience or courage. Like the imaginative troubles of fiction the sympathy which the griefs of the Royal Family excite in us is a feeling indefinitely strengthened, even in kind, by the number of those who share it, by the conspicuousness of the grief which calls it forth. Like that, again, it purifies, as it was said that all tragedy purifies, "by pity and by fear," — pity for the sorrow which is so like our own, fear due to the lesson so vividly impressed on us that no elevation of rank or destiny can mitigate the severity of these bitterest of human sufferings. But then, on the other hand, the fact that the grief which calls out our sympathies is real and present, and not an artistic or represented trouble, makes it, of course, graver in one respect, though it is less vividly placed before us in others, than any merely painted sorrow. Still it cannot be doubted that the national pain and regret is nearer in kind to that elicited by a vivid story of human trouble, than to that due to the threatened breaking of our own closest ties.

Nevertheless, the language in which the public feeling has been expressed has been

almost exclusively suitable to the keenest language of private affliction, the anguish of lacerated hearts; and this is mischievous not only because it is false, but because, being false, it throws an air of insincerity over the very different, but equally true, emotion which is really and universally felt. Men who over-express their feelings or express them unfortunately are very apt to be thought destitute of the feeling they have, and that is unquestionably the tendency of the extravagant and indeed utterly inappropriate language in which the papers have been so freely indulging this week. Take, for instance, the following from the *Standard* of Monday:—"Four days of unparalleled anxiety have now been spent, and a dread suspense still is master of the public bosom. We wait, and hold our breath; read and despond, and then return and read again, and refuse to be utterly downcast. At such a lacerating moment genuine comfort there can be none. But even in the midst of the national anguish it is something to be able to feel that this paralyzing blow, this overflow of grief, is making of us one family." The language could not possibly be intenser if war had brought death into every home. If it were true language, if we were really "holding our breath," if the sorrow we feel were really "anguish," if the blow were really "paralyzing," we ought to be and should be quite unequal to reading with keen interest books like the biography of Charles Dickens, and George Eliot's and Mr. Trollope's serial tales, or discussing the Tichborne case, or the Megara Commission, or the translation of Sir R. Collier to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Every one knows that these would not and could not be his real interests, if he were watching in terrible suspense by a bed where death was struggling with life for one in whose lot his own is bound up. When, therefore, we find any one saying, as one of our public writers did expressly say, and many of them said in effect,—"We all stand within the Palace to-day. *It is our home for the moment, our hearth, the centre of our hopes and fears,*" we regret language so extravagant, because it tends to conceal, and even excite revulsion against, the true sentiment of the nation. Even the *Times*, when it assumed on Saturday and Monday that there was nothing to which the nation could possibly attend except the Prince of Wales,—that all other subjects had lost their interest for Englishmen,—gave in far more than we should have expected of it to this mischie-

vous temper of exaggeration, and contributed to the sentimentalism, as distinguished from the real sentiment of the moment, by writing in Bulwerian capitals about the feelings of the Wife and the Mother for the Husband and the Son. No doubt a remark made by the *Times* on the same day, and which has, we think, been misinterpreted into an implied assertion of the divine right of Kings, is true, and has a valuable political drift,—we mean that the personal relation of the reigning family to the nation is closer, and probably more cordial, because it is none of our making, because it has come down to us as our family relationships come down to us, from a tradition of indefinite length and variety. Nobody can doubt that our national feeling for the troubles of the Royal Family is far keener than would be any feeling for the troubles of the family of a President chosen by ourselves, even though he had been chosen for life, unless he were a man of great and very exceptional character, which had profoundly impressed itself on the affections of the people, and this it would be simply absurd to assert of the character of the Prince of Wales. President Lincoln, in a time of very great national trial, betrayed a homely magnanimity which, no doubt, did make such an impression in only four years' time, on the very heart of a great people. The Prince of Wales, on the other hand, had he been not Prince of Wales, but by any political chance elected to succeed the present head of the English nation, and then fallen into this deadly sickness, would have roused in our hearts a kindly commiseration, but nothing more. It is, doubtless, the historical character of the tie, and the fact that we are compelled to think of him, even from his birth, as in a close relation to us, which creates half the strength of the relation, half that customary feeling of reciprocity belonging to each other, which, whatever men may say, lies at the root of almost all natural affection. To point out this is not in any sense an assertion of the divine right of Kings, but it is an assertion that a long past creates relations a great deal broader and stronger than we can intellectually gauge, and the grasp of which reaches far beyond anything that the mere rationale of the relation would lead us to suppose. Nor can anything be more useful to us than to be made to feel from time to time that whatever anomalies may surround the political institutions into which the nation has grown, they gain, through the mere fact of long existence, a tenacity of hold upon us which it

would be exceedingly difficult for any amount of wisdom and statesmanship to replace. In England at least, habit, and that dumb affection which springs out of habit, put forth, as it were, the mortar which holds the stones of the political edifice together, and if we were once to break up the tradition, it would be very long before reason could furnish us with a cement nearly as strong.

But the more clearly we recognize this, the more clearly are we bound to protest against the exaggeration of sentiment which reflects a certain amount of ridicule on the real feeling of the nation, and promotes strong reaction at the next available opportunity. The writers who have been exaggerating so extravagantly the intensity of the popular feeling, and writing as if business were almost neglected, work laid aside, politics forgotten, science and art emptied of their interest, and the English world exclusively employed in buying evening papers and running after bulletins, have contributed only to falsify a sincere interest, and create a feeling of disgust at the travesty of a valuable as well as honourable anxiety.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF HUMOUR IN AMERICA.

AMERICANS have at least one genial quality. They do appreciate Humour. Of all the differences between society there and society here, we do not know one more striking than the political power which, across the Atlantic, humour appears to exercise over the masses of the people. We have nothing of the kind left in England. A stroke of pictorial humour is, indeed, occasionally appreciated, and individual statesmen have sometimes benefited or suffered from caricature, but the English require to see fun in order to be impressed by it. The judgment of Englishmen on O'Connell was distinctly affected by "H. B.'s" drawing of him as the "Big Beggarman"; Sir J. Graham never quite got over the "Little Dirty Boy"; and Lord John Russell's influence waned from the day *Punch* sketched him as the small lad who chalked up "No Popery!" and then ran away in a fright. The ideal of him in the British mind as the man of undaunted pluck, who would cut for the stone or take command of the Channel Fleet, suffered from the drawing. But since the days of the Anti-Jacobin and

Canning's "Needy Knifegrinder" we can hardly recall a song, or a story, or a *bon mot* which has exercised an important influence on politics. The art of political squibbing seems itself to have disappeared for we do not allow that the "Battle of Dorking" comes within that designation. It is different, however, in America, where humour has very often of late years had high political or social effect, has brought certain truths home to the popular mind as nothing else could. By far the most formidable enemy encountered by President Jackson in his war on the National Banks was the man whom it is said he refused on his death-bed to forgive, Seba Smith, who published as "Major Jack Downing" a series of letters full of true Yankee humour — Yankee as distinguished from Western — humour spiced and flavoured with keen intellectual insight. The "Bigelow Papers," with their humorous scorn of slavery and of wars for its extension, were a most important contribution to the Abolitionist cause, as was the song about John Brown's soul, to which the North marched to the conquest of the South. There is no humour in the meaning of that song, but there is in its form, and in the tune which accompanies it, and it kept the link between abolition and victory incessantly before the minds both of soldiery and people. Lincoln's humorous sayings, more particularly his remark about "swapping horses while crossing streams," and his rebuke to the perfervid abolitionists who were pressing him to go too far ahead of the national sentiment, "I don't know, gentlemen, that I ever received a deputation straight from God Almighty before," had all the influence of great speeches, as had before his time the really wonderful burst of glowing fun in which Senator Hale, sitting in his place because he was too fat to stand, repudiated the annexation of Cuba. That was a speech, no doubt, but it was the humour in it, and not the eloquence, which destroyed the formidable order of the Lone Star. Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" has distinctly modified the popular appreciation of the Chinamen, and helped to beat down the previously threatening dislike felt to them in Massachusetts, — where they are competing with the powerful "Order of St. Crispin," the great political Union of Shoemakers, which returns one-third of the State House of Representatives. The New York papers declare that much of the recent victory of decent citizens over the Tammany Ring is due to some pictorial jokes issued, by an artist



named Nast, in *Harper's Weekly*, a publication of vast circulation and clean of pecuniary corruption. We have not seen these drawings, but the consensus of New York opinion about them is complete.

It is, we suppose, in this, the power of bringing a subject home to the millions that the efficacy of humour in America lies. These masses do not read the long speeches, and are not very attentive to well-reasoned argument, getting weary of its length; but they all enjoy and remember a rhymed joke, or a rough epigram, or a short story, which tickles their somewhat peculiar fancy, and reveals clearly to themselves their half-thought-out convictions. That we can understand, but what still perplexes us is the universality of this faculty of appreciation. Humour could hardly be subtler than it is in the "Heathen Chinese," yet the "point" was taken at once throughout the States by labourers as fully as by graduates, and with exactly the same effect. The wild men of the West enjoyed Artemas Ward's lectures far more than the English did — the epithet of "much-married" which he affixed to Brigham Young did him as much harm as the Seventh Commandment — and the descriptions of Saint Abe and his Seven Wives will be relished by roughs in California as much as by the self-indulgent philosophers of Boston. What is there in this grave and rather sad people which makes their appreciation of this form of

intellectual effort so swift and so keen? Is it that to their habitual reserve or gloom humour brings more pleasure than it brings to other men, giving in addition to enjoyment a sense of mental relief, or is it that Americans are essentially humorous, though only a few can express the humour latent in them? We suspect the former is the case, for the only people as sad and reserved as the Americans, the Bengalees, have precisely the same faculty of appreciating rhymed jests, though they like them a little more bitter than the Americans do. Or is the explanation, after all, the much simpler one that the Anglo-Saxon people everywhere loves rhymed humour, as it loves rhymed sentiment, but that this love is only developed when the race has received a little education? The Lowland Scotch are in some respects very like the Americans. With them also education is universal, and wanting in humour as some of them are, there is not a *nuance* in Burns' humour which they are unable to appreciate. If this suggestion is true — and we make it with fear and trembling — England will get something more from education than she expects, an antidote against misery more efficacious than anything except the religious sense. The appreciation of the tragic does not increase with cultivation, rather perhaps diminishes, but culture develops the perception of every kind of humour.

**THE FEVER TREE** — The cultivation of the *Eucalyptus globulus* is making great progress in the South of France, Spain, Algiers and Corsica; nor is this to be wondered at, remarks the *Medical Times and Gazette*, if an account lately given of its virtues by Professor Gubler, in the *Bulletin de Thérapeutique*, is even partially true. It is a native of Tasmania, where it was of old known to the natives and settlers as a remedy for fever. It prefers a marshy soil, in which it grows to a gigantic height with great rapidity. It dries the soil by the evaporation from its leaves, and shelters it from the sun, thus preventing the generation of marsh miasm. Its wood is hard as teak. Every part of it is impregnated with a balsamic, oil-of-camphor-like odour; and, besides a notable quantity of astringent matter, it contains a peculiar extractive, which is supposed to contain an alkaloid allied to quinine. At any rate, its efficacy in intermittent and marsh fevers has gained for it in Spain the name of the "fever tree." It is a powerful tonic and diffusible stimulant, does wonders in chronic catarrh and dyspepsia, is an excellent antiseptic application to wounds, and tans the skins of dead animals, giving the fra-

grance of Russia leather. We can vouch from personal observation for the flourishing condition of the Hyères and Nice, where trees from seeds sown in 1859 are said to be now sixty metres high. We hope that experience will confirm Professor Gubler's anticipations of the remedial virtues of the *Eucalyptus*.

**CHINA.** — The *Mittheilungen* contains a *résumé* of the scientific journeys of Freiherr von Richthofen in Central China. This gentleman, who, as geologist, accompanied the Prussian expedition to Eastern Asia, afterwards independently spent several years in travelling in Further India and California. His explorations in China began in 1868, and terminated in the middle of 1870; and in making known the extraordinary richness of the country in coal and iron, the mainstays of commerce and industry, mark an important epoch in our knowledge of the land. Her von Richthofen's latest route lay in a direct line across the country from Canton to Peking. His reports on the provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, and Shansi, have been published, in English, at Shanghai.